National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

☞ A precious specimen of pious cant!—*Ed. Standard.*

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF MAN.

WHICH THE MOST NOBLE?—WHAT OUR MASTER THOUGHT OF HIS RIGHTS?

From The New York Observer.

FLOATING on the surface of newspaper reading, we picked up the two following paragraphs from the sermons of F. W. Robertson, of Dublin. These are full of a great thought. They have made on us a profound impression, and we copy them as a text; they will be a sermon also:

"We hear in these days a great deal respecting Rights; the rights of private judgment; the rights of labor; the rights of property; and the rights of man. Rights are grand things, divine things in this world of God's; but the way in which we expound those rights, alas! seems to me to be the very incarnation of selfishness. I can see nothing noble in a man who is forever going about calling for his own rights. Alas! alas! for the man who feels nothing more grand in this wonderous, divine world than his own rights!

"Two thousand years ago, there was One here on this earth, who lived the grandest life that ever has been lived yet; a life that every thinking man, with deep or shallow meaning, has agreed to call Divine. I read little respecting His rights, or of His claims of rights; but I have read a great deal respecting his duties; every act He did He called a duty. I read very little in that life respecting His rights; but I hear a vast deal respecting His wrongs—wrongs infinite—wrongs borne with a majestic, God-like silence. His reward? His reward was the reward that God gives to all His true and noble ones; to be cast out in his day and generation, and a life conferring death at last—those were His rights!"

If one of the old prophets had risen, he could not have spoken without divine impulse a truer and wiser word than this. It is the one idea of our age and land that the *rights* of men are above price, and not to be reckoned of less value than all else that man has or can have. This intense egotism, this excessive individualism, this supreme selfishness, is the marked manifestation of our humanity in the present day, and eminently in this country of ours. The rights of man were the watchword of our struggle for civil liberty, when there was something to be struggled for, and what was then a principle and a life has become an idol of worship, as if nothing else were of any account.

When the Irishman was asked, "Don't you think one man is as good as another?" he is said to have replied, "Yes, and a great deal better." And that measures the estimate which each man in such a country as ours puts upon himself.

When the man said he had a right to shear a wolf, and therefore would shear a wolf, he broached the principle on which most men act in carrying out the abstract doctrine of the rights of man.

The gospel of our Master, Jesus Christ, was sent to subdue this principle and introduce a better; teaching us that no man liveth unto himself: that in honor we should prefer one another: that he who would be greatest among us should be our servant. The example and the precepts of our Master taught us that the highest style of man is seen in self-denial and submission, forgiveness and forbearance. The gospel has taught us to love our neighbor as ourselves, and to be followers of Him who was rich, but for our sakes became poor.

It is an old-fashioned doctrine this, and quite out of date, but one that deserves a revival and universal love. If all men would think of it, and feel it, there would be a grand change in the tune of the noisy reformers of our day, forever clamorous about the rights of man, as if the first of all *duties* was to get for every one his rights, and after that it will be time enough to make them good and happy. They forget that Jesus Christ, the Great Reformer, and the Exemplar of all Reformers, came to a people who had been despoiled of their rights, but he never said one word about asserting them. They were looking anxiously for one who should redeem them from the yoke of their oppressors. They would have hailed Jesus as King of the Jews if he had used his power to call legions of angels to hurl back the legions of Rome. But he taught them submission. When they invited him to say whether they should yield allegiance to the foreign despot, he told them to render to Cæsar his due. And if he were now a travelling preacher in the United States of America, the burden of his discourse would be, "Repent of your own sins and believe; take my yoke and learn of me." He would not be found going about the churches and stirring up strife and dissensions; nor getting up conventions to assert the rights of man nor of woman; nor disturbing the harmony of a great religious anniversary like the American Tract Society with clamor about the rights of man; nor denouncing his faithful followers as false to his cause when they confine themselves to the work he gave them to do. He would not be found in rebellion against the government, nor advocating disunion, nor seeking to get the Church to take action against this sin and that and the other, as if one sin or another could be repented of and forgiven while others were cherished. The Master Reformer, the Son of God, would be called "behind the age, an old fogy, a conservative," if he were among us now. When the noisy orators and writers of the radical reform pulpit and press are shouting for RIGHTS, the lips that spake as never man spake would be telling us of our DUTIES. When a Missionary Society refuses to send the gospel where it is most needed, unless they who need it will *first* repent, the Master would go to the very region which the Society taboos, and *there* He would preach the gospel to the rich and the poor, to the bond and the free.

He would teach us by his example, as he taught us by his words, to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. His daily life and conversation would be one grand sermon to all mankind, that they should each one repent of his own sins and so make all the world free. This is the gospel. Its mission is to make nations free by setting each slave of sin free; by giving deliverance to the captives of Satan, and making them all the freemen of the Lord. It does not address itself to men as communities, but as individual sinners, not as men with rights, but as men in prison, doomed to death, and certain to suffer unless saved by a Redeemer. It talks to men of pardon for themselves, reconciliation with God, and glory to be revealed hereafter.

Let us preach this gospel. Let us be concerned to do our duties, and think less of asserting our rights. Let us *love* all men, especially those whom we would make better, and so shall we be more likely to do them saving good.

A LADY'S VIEW OF COLORED FOLKS.

From The Boston Courier.

WE quote a passage below from the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* for May. Our readers will ponder over it, perhaps many will be astonished at the doctrine. If *The Atlantic* is the organ of anything, it is most assuredly of the anti-slavery feeling within its own sphere. Yet nothing could more thoroughly exhibit an utter *bouleversement* of everything proper to that feeling than the passage thus extracted from its columns. Experience in this instance has been pitted against sentiment, and has run the latter down all to nothing. According to this new authority, negrophilism is all a fiction of the imagination. The handful of negroes in the North, for certain reasons stated, does not represent the race at all. We have got up an ideal negro, about whom we whine and sentimentalize, "rave, recite and madden round the land," while the creature himself is something which we should have hesitated very long about describing in terms so much more graphic than flattering, like those employed in *The Atlantic*.

And then, after observing his aspect, his propensities, his mental and moral characteristics, comes home—we almost dread to repeat it—"the unwelcome question, *whether compulsory labor be not better than none!*" Why, goodness help us! this is slavery itself, with a vengeance; proposed as at least a probable necessity for the compulsory welfare of the negro race! We know not what the world is coming to; but we do know that if such opinions had been put forth by some of us, who have suffered unmeasured vituperation for years, and have withered, as it were, under the ban of the anti-slavery circles—not because we would deprive colored persons of any just rights and privileges, or had any prejudices against them individually; or were not disposed to treat them with uniform kindness and humanity, but solely because we thought of them as unfitted to be placed upon exactly equal relations, social, domestic and political, with our own kindred and race—why, our ears are already dinned with the universal howl which would have been emitted from certain quarters against us. *The Atlantic* speaks of its own intimation on this subject as "one hereditical whisper—very small and low." Good heavens! If this be only a *whisper*, what will the anti-slavery folks say about our colored brethren when they profess to talk aloud?

"We made Nassau at twelve o'clock, on the sixth day from our departure, counting the first as one. The first feature discernible was a tall group of cocoa-nut trees, with which the island is bounteously feathered; the second was a group of negroes in a small boat, steering toward us with open-mouthed and white-toothed wonder. * * * Other boats then came, like a shoal of little fishes around the carcasses of a giant whale. There were many negroes, together with whites of every grade; and some of our number, leaning over the side, saw for the first time the raw material out of which Northern Humanitarians have spun so fine a skein of compassion and sympathy.

"Now, we who write, and they for whom we write, are all orthodox upon this mighty question; we have all made our confession of faith in private and in public; we all, on suitable occasion, walk up and apply the match to the keg of gunpowder which is to blow up the Union, but which somehow, at the critical moment, fails to ignite. But you must allow us one heretical whisper—very small and low. The negro of the North is an ideal negro; it is the negro refined by white culture, elevated by white blood, instructed even by white iniquity; the negro among negroes is a coarse, grinning, flat-footed, thick-skulled creature, ugly as Caliban, lazy as the laziest of brutes, chiefly ambitious to be of no use to any in the world. View him as you will, his stock in trade is small—he has but the tangible instincts of all creatures—love of life, of ease, and of offspring. For all else, he must go to school to the white race, and his discipline must be long and laborious. Nassau, and all that we saw of it, suggested to us the unwelcome question, whether compulsory labor be not better than none. But as a question I gladly leave it, and return to the simple narration of what befell."

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

From The Journal of Commerce.

EVEN the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D., of Boston, author of the "South Side View," has not been more persistently villified by the Abolitionists and their confederates, than has the venerable Dr. Spring of this city. Juaging from their language hitherto, one would have deemed him a moral monster; and would have wondered that vengeance should suffer him to live. But lo! now, all at once, he is about the wisest, purest, and best man on earth. Even *The Independent* is loud in his praise. It says:

"We cannot but regard Dr. Spring's rising, his speech, and his resolution, as an immediate illustration of the 'power of prayer.' He had opened the meeting with a tender and fervent supplication for divine wisdom, and he seemed to be gifted for the time with the wisdom that is from above."

And what was his resolution? Just this:

"Resolved, That in laying the preceding resolution on the table" [which represented that the Society would be gratified if the Executive Committee would publish a Tract against the slave trade], "the Society have not come to this conclusion from any doubt in relation to the sin of the African slave trade, or the great wickedness of reviving that system in any form."

If there was any need of passing this explanatory resolution, it resulted solely from the propensity of the revolutionary party to put the worst construction upon all the acts of the Society, as well as upon its inaction. For ourselves, we protest against the doctrine that when an unconstitutional or irrelevant proposition is introduced into a benevolent Society, and they decline to adopt it, they are therefore bound to declare their opinion as to the merits of such proposition, or that in failure so to do, they are to be held to entertain the sentiment which such proposition is intended to denounce. Why, at this rate, there is hardly a topic connected with moral or immoral action or belief, concerning which the American Tract Society, or any other Society, may not be compelled to declare its judgment, by whoever shall see fit to it at an annual meeting. Suppose, for instance, at the next annual meeting, John Doe should introduce a resolution that—

Whereas slavery is a great evil, &c.

And whereas, giving the people of a Territory power to determine whether they will tolerate slavery within their limits, or not, is liable to extend this horrid evil;

And whereas, &c., &c.

Therefore Resolved, That this Society will be gratified if, in the course of the ensuing year, the Publishing Committee will issue a Tract or Tracts setting forth the evils liable to result from allowing the people of a Territory to manage their own affairs.

Suppose (we say) such a preamble and resolution should be introduced at the next annual meeting, and a majority of the members, deeming it unadvisable or unconstitutional, or both, for the American Tract Society to expend its money in publishing Tracts on that subject, should vote to lay the resolution on the table (as the most civil method of killing it), will it not be necessary in such a case—if it was in the recent case—to pass an additional resolution, to the effect that "in laying the preceding resolution on the table, the Society have not come to this conclusion from any doubt in relation to the evils of slavery, or the great wickedness of extending that iniquitous system, or allowing it to be extended in any form?"

Or suppose a member should offer a resolution that the Society would be gratified if the Publishing Committee would issue a Tract or Tracts against the surrender of fugitive slaves—an act so atrocious in the estimation of some of the revolutionists, that they publicly counselled the fugitive to take the life of any officer attempting to arrest him, rather than permit himself to be arrested—will not the Society, in case of rejecting such resolution, be compelled to declare their views on the subject of surrendering fugitive slaves as required by the Constitution, or else be understood to hold that the procedure called for by the Constitution is right and proper?

Or if, in lieu of the above, some member should offer a resolution that whereas the Constitution and laws of the United States require the surrender of fugitive slaves; and whereas we are solemnly enjoined in the sacred Scriptures to obey magistrates and laws; and whereas a considerable portion of the clergy have been preaching resistance to both, in the matter referred to, whereby the reverence for law in general, heretofore existing in the public mind, has becomed weakened to an alarmed and dangerous extent, therefore resolved, that the Society will be gratified should the Publishing Committee, in the course of the ensuing year, issue a Tract or Tracts enjoining obedience to magistrates and powers, and exhorting the clergy, one and all, to abstain from preaching rebellion; will not the Society then be compelled either to adopt the resolution, or, in case of rejecting it, to enter a caveat that by such rejection they must not be understood as holding that the law should be disobeyed, or the ministers of the law shot down in the streets, or that any portion of the clergy should preach such pernicious doctrines?

Any number of cases might be added, which would bring the Society into the same predicament. In short, if the doctrine is admitted, that the Society is under the necessity of declaring what it does or does *not* believe, or hold, on any particular subject, because that subject has been brought before it in the form of a resolution, which resolution it does not see fit to pass, the Society will save time and trouble by issuing its creed in advance, on all subjects of religion, morals and *politics;* for we are taught from many of our pulpits, that politics and morals are so closely connected that it is impossible to preach the former without the latter, and *vice versâ*.

The proper course is, in our judgment, and the only one which will be found available in practice, to lay all irrelevant or improper resolutions on the table. Let them be debated if they must be, and then laid on the table.

Any man of common sense and honesty would admit that a refusal on the part of the Society to request their Committee to publish on any particular subject, does not fairly imply that they dissent from the views proposed to be embodied in the Tract, but only that they do not think it advisable to publish on the subject; or perchance, that they prefer to leave the question of publishing, where the constitution of their Society has left it, viz., with the Publishing Committee.

We honor the motives of Dr. Spring in presenting and urging his resolution; and we will not say that, all things considered, he was unwise in presenting, or the Society in adopting it. But at least it must be regarded as an exceptional case, and not as a precedent. It will, however, be quoted as a precedent by the opposition next year, and the effect of it, in that point of view, it may be difficult to parry.

SOUTHERN DEMANDS AND FOREBODINGS.

From The Columbia (S. C.) Sentinel.

SABINE FARM, Wednesday, May 11, 1859.

AN intelligent correspondent, "Harper," in a recent number of your paper, seems anxious to know my opinion on certain points that he alludes to.

I utterly repudiate Judge Douglas's idea that a Territorial Legislature may discriminate against slavery, and nothing could induce me to support for the Presidency any one standing on this platform.

I consider it as clear as a mathematical problem that the *South have a right to be protected with their slave property in the Territories, and that Congress, or their instruments, the Territorial Legislatures, should afford this protection.* As a question of practical action, I would not at this time have originated this issue, but having been raised, as a Southern Representative, I shall demand the fullest measure of our rights.

In reference to the African slave trade, I cordially agree with "Harper," that while the Union lasts "it will prove a firebrand to distract and divide our people, and divert us from the greater and more important issue" of safety and independence.

When I have gathered my fodder, I design to visit my constituents in their several districts, and hope then to be able to give them at length my views upon the political complexion of the times.

I may be permitted, however, to say now, that never has the future looked more gloomy to me. We are threatened with the greatest possible calamity—the domination of an imperious North, and the paralysis of a disunited South. We shall need all wisdom and moderation to avert the disasters that threaten us, and yet how marked is the absence of these great qualities on the part of many who aspire to direct public opinion at the South.

It is but too probable that a hostile sectional party North will soon acquire possession of the government. *In that event, the South should not remain a moment longer in the Union.* Yet who does not see that the success of that movement for independence depends upon the opinions of the people of the South as to how far the success of the sectionalized North was owing to the impolicy of the South? But how little deference do many of the best friends of Southern independence pay to this truth!

In conclusion, *I fear the North sectionalized will soon take possession of the government.* Then I go for Southern independence at all hazards, by a single State leading off if necessary. To make this movement successful, the South should be made as much as possible one in sentiment. To accomplish this, in my opinion, the three great requisites of Southern Statesmanship are—moderation, moderation, moderation.

Very respectfully, WILLIAM W. BOYCE.

Mr. C. P. PELHAM.

REASON FOR REOPENING THE SLAVE TRADE.

NEW YORK HOTEL, Monday, May 16, 1859.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

IN your paper to-day, you make some comments upon the Southern Convention at Vicksburgh, and its breaking of law tendencies, its action being for the most part confined to the reöpening of the slave trade question.

Your disgust at this law-breaking and adhesion to the higher law is quite natural, but I doubt whether it is to its sincerity. So also you must, in all courtesy, admit the sincerity of my disgust at the Personal Liberty laws prevailing in some of your Northern States, and the open resistance in all of those States to the execution of the Fugitive Slave law.

We admit together that in both cases the Constitution and the laws are aimed to be set at defiance, practically and efficiently. All very bad, and so far equal. But a great inequality otherwise exists. Whilst the North loses nothing by these infractions, the South loses a great deal; in this, that every negro slave stolen therefrom, and detained in the North, involves good solid money, the aggregate of which, from first to last, amounts to a great many millions of hard dollars.

Now, no reasonable man in the South believes that these depredations upon slave property can be remedied under the Constitution or the laws; or in time by the change of Northern men's minds restraining them from such violations. So the South is beginning to look round for a remedy within its own control.

Before I state what that remedy is, permit me to tell you something about "the Great Red River Raft." This raft is composed of drift wood, lying and combined together in every form and position. This raft ascends the river against its strong current, and maintains its character through hundreds of years. Its *apparent movement*, but real progress up the river is explained in this way: *The decay at its lower end is about equal to the supply of fresh materials at the upper end.*

Now I will tell you that the South, finding the annual loss of slaves from the States adjoining the Northern States to be so great as to inordinately increase the price of slaves, have determined to supply that loss by fresh material, either under the sanction of Congress or in open defiance of existing laws. They have not only determined upon this, but they have determined to import at least ten Africans for every slave run off from the old States. *Faster than the rotting off at the north end of the slave line will the new flesh be produced at the south end. Extrema malis, extrema remedia.*

Yours respectfully, A SLAVEHOLDER.

Selections.

LIFE IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us some documents in relation to a recent transaction at Aiken, S. C., which illustrate not only the high advance in civilization, Christianity and chivalry, to which the good people of that vicinity have attained, but also how expedient it is that Yankee travellers and sojourners in that blissful region should put a guard—to whatever sex they may belong—upon their pens as well as their tongues; or at least, that their Northern friends to whom they write should delay printing their descriptions of Southern society and manners, however piquant and life-like, till they are sure that the writers are safely out of the reach of the parties described.

The first of these documents is a letter written in February last, by a lady in the neighboring City of Brooklyn, who, for the benefit of an invalid daughter of ten or twelve years of age, had, by the advice of her physician, gone to spend some of the winter months at Aiken, which place, and the inhabitants thereof, the writer thus describes to the life:

"We are in what is called 'the Pine-woods District,' 120 miles west of Charleston. Aiken is a small town of not more than 1,000 inhabitants, and the dullest place I was ever in. All the work that is done in this country is done by the slaves, and they do just as little as they possibly can. The houses are open and not half made, with doors off the hinges and the windows won't shut; you could put your hand in the cracks all around the sashes. The whole country has the appearance of lazy, shiftless, degenerate decay. The white people are the most lazy, dirty, ignorant set of beings it is possible to conceive of. They go lounging about the streets and stores all day, a moving heap of rags, dirt and ignorance, looking little better, and often knowing less, than the slaves—too proud to work and too poor to live. Mrs. Stowe's description of 'Uncle Tom's cabin,' of the poor whites of the South, is in no way overdrawn, but often fails to do justice to their destitution and ignorance.

"The slaves are of all colors and shades, from the most sooty black to a perfect white. There was a waiter at the hotel at Charleston, who was as white as you or I, with blue eyes and sandy hair, and not the least appearance of African blood that I could see. I thought him an Irishman, and my husband thought him American; but, to our surprise, we found him to be a slave, the property of a planter a few miles south of Charleston.

"Aiken is quite a resort for consumptives; it lies on high ground and is surrounded by a yellow-pine forest. The climate is mild and warm, the atmosphere pure and delightful. We have been out all the morning without cloaks or shawls, and I ought not to complain of a country that gives my daughter health; but in spite of all my wishes, the hours hang heavily upon my hands. We have no company except the two young ladies from New York, the one sick and the other to take care of her—a sick gentleman from Ohio, and a testy old bachelor, which is worse than being sick.

"This monotonous life is occasionally broken by a 'negro whipping.' The other day, as I was walking down street, I saw quite a crowd of people, and soon beheld in their midst a large, tall negro, with his arms pinioned behind him, who had been driven twelve miles that morning, by a white man, the man riding on a horse and driving him before him, using two long ropes as we use lines in driving horses. The man said that the negro had runaway, and he had caught him and brought him back. The negro said he belonged to a man a few miles south, and had only lost his way in the woods, and if they would let him go he would 'go right home.' They flogged him, put him in the calaboose, and what has become of him since I do not know, but feel quite sure they had the ropes on the wrong man, for the negro was much the smarter looking of the two.

"Last Sunday, just after morning service, we heard a great noise in the street, and on looking out we saw a black man trying to get away from two white men. His face was cut and bleeding profusely. They tied his hands behind him, stripped his back bare, took him into their store, which is nearly opposite to our house, tied him down to the floor, and gave him fifty lashes in the course of the next half hour, not all at once. After eight or ten lashes, he groaned most piteously at every stroke of the whip; and all the crime that we could learn he had committed was to prevent the black nurse from taking a whistle which *he* had bought and given to his boy, and giving it to his master's boy! The slave and nurse were quarrelling about it when the master came home from church. He came into the kitchen, took a moulding board and broke it over the slave's head, then struck him a heavy blow with the rolling-pin. The slave rushed into the street, and the noise began that attracted our attention. I have heard many censure the master for whipping his slave *on Sunday*, but *not one* that he was whipped so severely; while we, poor craven wretches that we are, have to see and hear such things, and dare not say a word; no, not open our lips in disapproval of it. I almost despise myself for being such a coward; but we could do the slaves no good, and ourselves much harm; so we bite our lips, and keep silent before folks, but in our rooms we feel as valiant as a crow as independently as young roosters when they get upon their own dunghill. And this is life in the South! Here is Southern chivalry—the aristocracy of America—the constituency of a Butler and a Brooks. Give me my Northern home, however humble! I would rather be almost anything (except a doughface) in the free North than to be mistress of the best plantation in South Carolina."

The above letter was addressed to the brother of the writer, resident in a New England village, without the slightest idea of publication, merely as a relief to the pent-up feelings of disgust which such a state of society, and such occurrences, could not but inspire in a person accustomed to civilized decencies. But the brother, unwilling to keep so good a thing to himself, imprudently published it in the newspaper of the village, and somebody, anxious, it would seem, to enable the inhabitants of Aiken to obtain a glimpse of themselves, took the pains to send on a copy to Aiken.

For the knowledge of what took place there on the arrival of this document, we are indebted to a letter, a copy of which is before us, addressed by "the sick gentleman from Ohio," whom the writer of the above letter describes as one of her fellow-boarders, to some of his Northern friends. This gentleman was at once fixed upon by the indignant Aikenites as the author of the letter. The landlady's son at the dinner table read a communication from a prominent citizen announcing the danger the writer stood in, and then, turning to the Ohio gentleman, an invalid far gone in consumption, advised him to leave town immediately, as the crowd were very greatly exasperated and he could not vouch for the gentleman's safety for an hour. Thereupon the lady announced herself as the writer of the letter. A public meeting having soon after assembled, and commenced business by appointing a Committee to ascertain the author of the letter, the landlady's son communicated to them the information he had obtained; but the meeting was not satisfied till the consumptive gentleman had been had up before it and had been required to disavow all connection with or knowledge of the letter, or the furnishing any of the facts detailed in it. The next question was what should be done with the lady?

Thirteen of the attendants upon the meeting, not liking the idea of mobbing a woman, to say nothing of her invalid daughter, voted that an apology should be accepted, provided she might be willing to tender it. But the constituents of Brooks and Butler would listen to nothing of that sort, and the meeting voted, by a large majority, that she should leave the town within forty-eight hours, and, to insure her departure, orders were issued to her landlady, and to all the other boarding-houses in the town, to give her neither food nor drink after the lapse of that time. So she packed up, and departed by the morning train, bidding a final adieu to Aiken and its chivalry.

Perhaps a regard for the safety of the parties concerned ought to prevent us from stating that even in Aiken itself this procedure does not meet with entire approval. Several prominent persons in town, writes the Ohio gentleman, who, we are happy to say, is by this time quite out of the reach of the Aikenites, "volunteered the expression of shame and disgrace which they feel will justly attach to the proceeding—among them two clergymen." But, in truth, people of this way of thinking in the Southern States are even worse off than the Northern visitors among them. It would not be so convenient to them to leave at forty-eight hours' notice, and, in the slave States, that is a danger always hanging over the head of every man who presumes to differ from current opinion.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

GIDDINGS ON SLAVE-CATCHING.

JEFFERSON, May 4, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You ask my opinion in regard to the past action and the future course of the Oberlin prisoners, now in jail at Cleveland for violating the Fugitive Slave enactment.

That measure was passed under the influence of threats and intimidation. Disunion and bloodshed were proclaimed as the alternative in case of refusal. Before such insolence Northern members bowed in unmanly submission, surrendering their own individuality, the rights of their States, and the honor of the nation. The page of our political history that records the passage of that act will long be read with mortification and regret. It constitutes a legislative incident in that war so long waged and carried on by the party now in power against the colored men of our nation; a war in which men, women and children have been butchered in cold blood for their love of liberty; a war in which free persons are enslaved and slaves are murdered even upon the soil of Ohio with perfect impunity; a war which subjects colored people to a commerce, from the horrors of which they shrink, preferring death by their own hands rather than meet its tortures; a war in which mothers are driven to the horrible choice of slaying their own children rather than permit them to live and become subject to the degradation that awaits them in life. This war is sometimes called "*piratical*," but I have yet to find the record of pirates who doomed their victims to death merely for their love of liberty. It is a slander upon piracy to compare this war with that in which they slay their victims for the comparatively excusable purpose of obtaining money. *In this war more than twenty thousand human victims are annually sacrificed.*

This slave enactment, under which our friends are imprisoned, was passed in order to involve the people of the free States in this guilt—for the purpose of making them accessories to such crimes. It was passed by a Locofoco Congress. A Locofoco Marshal selects a Locofoco Grand Jury to find an indictment drawn by a Locofoco Attorney, to be tried by a Locofoco traverse jury, packed for the purpose of conviction, before a Locofoco Judge, appointed by a Locofoco President, confirmed by a Locofoco Senate, for the purpose of enforcing obedience to this law.

In disregarding this law, the prisoners did right. Their error consisted in sparing the lives of the slave-catchers. Those pirates should have been delivered over to the colored men and consigned to the doom of pirates, which should have been speedily executed. You are aware that this is the doctrine which I proclaimed in Congress. I adhere to it. Had the *prisoners executed the slave-catchers promptly, it would have taught the Administration a lesson not soon to be forgotten.* We should have been no more troubled with that class of miscreants. They would have learned better than to show themselves among an intelligent people who know their rights and dare maintain them. But in rescuing their fellow-man from the fangs of these bloodhounds, the prisoners *did right.* Present and coming generations will bless them for it. It was a high moral duty, the exercise of a virtue which shed a halo of glory around the memories of our republican fathers. When arrested for such an act, they did well in refusing to give bail; when brought into Court, they did right in refusing to give bail; and, in my opinion, they cannot now recede from the manly position which they have assumed. By these noble acts they have inscribed their names upon a most important page of our history. They no longer act for themselves in this business, but for justice, for liberty, for the cause of freedom. The eyes of the nation are upon them. They should bear in mind the character of the people of this portion of our gallant State. They should remember the pilgrim fathers from whom they have descended. Cleveland is now the Boston of 1775, and I trust her sons will meet the responsibilities thrown upon them with becoming firmness.

As to the future, I see no other course for the prisoners than patiently to await events. Their counsel will apply to the Supreme Court of our State for a *habeas corpus* whenever sentence shall be pronounced upon any of their number.

I have great confidence in the Judges composing that Court; but should they prove unequal to the occasion, the case will then be fully made up, and the appeal must then be taken to that highest of earthly tribunals, the source of all political power. The people, finding this government to have become "*destructive of the lives, the liberties and the happiness of its citizens,* will ALTER OR ABOLISH IT, and *organize its powers in such a form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their* SAFETY AND HAPPINESS."

This duty, so solemnly enjoined upon us by the founders of our government, in that immortal charter of American liberty to which, for almost a century, we have been accustomed to look for instruction and direction in regard to our rights, WILL NOT BE NEGLECTED.

Yours, for Liberty and the Constitution,

J. R. GIDDINGS.

The Hon. RALPH PLUMB.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN ZANESVILLE.

From The Cleveland Leader.

THE emboldened men-stealers have again polluted the soil of Ohio, and borne off another victim. Jackson, the fugitive seized at Zanesville, had resided in Belmont County, Ohio, for the last three years. A few days ago a miscreant named Honeycutt decoyed Jackson, through the agency of another negro, to Zanesville, where he was betrayed into the hands of Deputy U. S. Marshal Cox, who manacled and bore him before U. S. Commissioner Cochran. The U. S. Commissioner immediately heard the case in his office with the door locked, and remanded the negro to slavery. This secrecy added to the excitement; and after the prisoner was committed to jail, a writ of *habeas corpus* was obtained and served on the Sheriff, and the case was brought before Judge Marsh. After discussion by counsel, the Judge ordered the irons to be removed, and declared the prisoner at liberty. *The Courier says:*

"No sooner were these words out of the mouth of the Judge than Mr. Cox, whose posse surrounded the negro, pounced upon him, declaring him his prisoner, &c., and calling on everybody present to aid him in keeping possession of him, &c. He was ironed and taken through the back door of the Court-house to Fourth street, where a hack was in waiting, placed in it, and conveyed to the dépôt, for the purpose of taking the train then nearly due at Wheeling—guarded by a large force of special deputies, all armed with loaded and cocked revolvers and other paraphernalia appropriate to their delectable occupation. A large number of blacks had preceded the carriage to the dépôt, and on its arrival there an assault was made, with a view of rescuing the prisoner. Many of the assailants fought bravely, but they were speedily dispersed—the bystanders, without reference to political preferences, voluntarily aiding the officers in maintaining possession of the fugitive. In the affray every weapon that could be secured was brought into requisition, and clubs and stones were freely used on both sides, and some three or four shots were fired by the officers, but without serious results."

After the excitement at the dépôt, a writ of *habeas corpus* was served on the Marshal. An investigation was had before Judge Marsh, and, after argument, the Court said the only question made by counsel was the unconstitutionality of the law, and the sufficiency of the certificate granted by the Commissioner to the claimant. We quote *The Courier:*

"Upon the first point it was claimed that the law was unconstitutional, in the provision conferring upon Commissioners judicial powers, and upon the second point that the certificate granted to the claimant did not comply with the requirements of the sixth section of the act of 1850 (Fugitive Slave law) and did not confer upon the claimant authority to hold the alleged fugitive.

"The Court had no doubt of the unconstitutionality of the law in that respect, but insomuch as it had received the sanction of the Supreme Court of the United States, and of various Circuit Courts, it was not the province of this Court to put its own interpretation of the law in opposition to such decisions. The only remaining question in the case to be relied upon by counsel was as to the regularity of the certificate granted to the claimant. It was claimed that the certificate did not set forth the substantial facts of the labor or service due from the alleged fugitive to the claimant, and of his escape from Virginia to Ohio. The rule of construction which the Court held in passing upon the sufficiency of the return and certificate was of the strictest character, the Judge holding that, unless such certificate complied not only with the spirit but with the strict letter of the law, it was his duty to discharge from custody. Under this rule of interpretation, he held that the certificate was strictly within the letter of the law, and he accordingly remanded the fugitive into the custody of the Marshal."

The fugitive was held by the Marshal and his posse until the next morning, when he was placed on board a train and conveyed back to slavery, thus saving the Union! *The Courier* remarks:

"The only practical result of the proceeding, aside from sending a human being into life-long bondage, was the disgust inspired in the bosom of all intelligent and well-disposed people for an institution which required such disgraceful proceedings to sustain it, and to transform those who, for a paltry pittance, became its willing creatures into

"'—fixed figures for the hand of scorn
To point its slow "unmoving finger at."'"

THE CASE OF MANUEL MASON.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, May 24, 1859.

I HAVE alluded once or twice to the hard case of Manuel Mason, a colored man, in Washington. The case has just been opened afresh to me by responsible parties, and I have gathered the following facts, which are so startling that I venture to send them to you at the risk of tiring your readers with the case. Let me premise by saying that the facts *can be proven* in any decent court.

Said Manuel Mason and his wife were the slaves of a white woman, living a few miles out of the city. A few years ago Manuel was taken sick with inflammatory rheumatism, and was given up by the doctors as incurable. Under these circumstances his mistress offered to sell him for $300. Nobody would touch him at the price. Finally she offered to give the cripple his freedom for $300, be to pay her in instalments. He accepted the offer, and paid off the entire sum in due course of time. He partially recovered his health and *hired the time of his wife* for so much a year, that she might keep house for him in Washington. They raised a large number of children *at their own expense*, but invariably at about the age of ten years the mistress took away each child and sold it off or appropriated it to her own use.

At last *only one* child was left—"little Ben." He was, like all youngest children, a favorite—the baby—the comfort of the old man and woman.

In September last one of our new police approached the small dwelling of Manuel Mason in search of "little Ben," for the lost child must be taken to minister to the voracious appetite of the monster, Slavery. Benjamin was missing, however. The father never had him in his power or possession for a moment, yet he was suddenly arrested for "harboring a slave"! The law dates 1707, under which he was taken, and the literal penalty is "one hundred pounds of tobacco per hour" for each hour of harboring a slave. You will perceive that the father was simply guilty of not finding his runaway boy. The officer told Mason to hunt up his boy, and upon his neglecting to do this he was thrown into jail. Although no evidence was offered against him, yet the Justice would not let Mason out on any less bail than $1,500, which was furnished by a kind-hearted citizen of the district. A jury very quickly brought in a verdict of guilty, though with no more evidence of guilt than is to be found in this letter. Mason was remanded to jail, where for days he lay without a bed, and all the time with scant clothing. He lay in jail forty-nine days before Judge Crawford would deign to sentence him. The sentence was to pay a fine of $166 66; being $1 66 "for every hour the slave was harbored—one half of said amount to go to the use of the owner of the slave, and the other half to the United States." I quote from the Judge's sentence as reported in the *National Intelligencer.* Mason was also sentenced to pay all costs, and to remain in jail till the entire sum was paid! The District-Attorney was at last prevailed upon to consent, upon ample security that the money will be paid at the end of three months, to let the poor negro go, and he is at liberty once more.

In the meantime a petition is circulating asking the President to remit the fine; but without a shadow of hope for success. If any one at the North wishes to help Mason and freedom, the *Era* office will receive and apply any such moneys.

Let me state another fact in connection with the above. A short time since an agent of the Tract Society was here circulating his little pamphlets and getting funds. He was very closely questioned as to the reason why he did not bring anti-slavery tracts, and he replied in substance that it would bring odium and perhaps danger upon him to do so. Another reason given was that there is no need of anti-slavery tracts here!

B.

ECCLESIASTICAL THUNDERS.

ALL ecclesiastical organizations occupy a certain vantage ground, especially in small communities, in which expulsion from the Church is usually tantamount to expulsion from reputable, if not good, society; so that the discarded member sometimes finds that he is not merely shut out from the pale, but that he cannot even buy and sell with the same faculty as before. Public opinion, whatever it may be worth, is against him. In some countries he would be stoned; in other countries he would be burned; and in still others he would be locked up; there are lands where his outraged ex-brethren would not break bread with him; there are lands where his wife and children would abscond from his domicile; and there are lands in which his life would not be worth a day's purchase. But American society, having, under the blessed influence of our glorious Constitution, discarded the stake, the rack and the flogging-post—except in the slave States in which they are wholesomely maintained—has taken to the exquisite expedient of SNUBBING. A man who has pursued the even tenor of his way for many years finds suddenly that his heterodoxy has made him the uncomfortable centre of an aggrieved and indignant circle. Before he knows why, he is sent to Coventry. But the trouble does not stop here. The presumption is that the victim thus summarily dealt with is of a somewhat tindery and saltpetrous nature. He explodes in his turn; his neighbors reëxplode; the explosion transcends town lines, and agitates counties; conventions are held; the people become partisans; and the extent of the commotion, until it has subsided, no man can estimate. Now, merely as an act of prudence, within, of course, the limits permitted by conscience, we should advise brethren to let these knotty cases alone. Unless a man is outrageously a backslider, perhaps it would be as well to "let him slide." At any rate, in these days of restive thought, of unlimited speculation, of chafing at precedent and of tendency to protest, in which every attempt to limit faith by formulas is sure to fail, and to fail ignobly, there seems to be an excellent reason for recognizing toleration among the Christian virtues. To act rash will be to act ruinously.

With these prefatory remarks, we may venture to state the fact that Stephen Brewer—Stephen is an excellent name for a martyr—heretofore an elder of the Presbyterian Church of Cortland, in this State, is no longer an elder and is no longer a member of that august body. He has been turned out of his eldership, and he has been stripped of his membership, and, ecclesiastically speaking, is nobody. The reader who never heard of Stephen Brewer before will naturally suppose that he has enunciated divers damnable heresies—that he has denied the creed, or at least that he has been gu

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

NEW ENGLAND
ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION of 1859 assembled on Wednesday morning, May 25th, in Mercantile Hall, Summer street. FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., President of the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society, called the meeting to order.

On motion, the following persons were chosen a Committee to nominate a suitable organization for the Convention:

E. D. Draper, Hopedale; Elias Richards, Weymouth; Geo. W. Stacy, Milford; Jacob Leonard, East Bridgewater; Samuel May, Jr., Boston; Moses Wilmarth, Attleboro'; Francis H. Drake, Leominster.

DANIEL S. WHITNEY recited some original verses on slavery.

The Committee on nominations reported the following list of officers, who were unanimously elected:

For President—JOHN T. SARGENT, of Boston.

Vice-Presidents—Francis Jackson, Boston; Edmund Quincy, Dedham; J ha Bailey, Lynn; Effingham L. Capron, Worcester; Ellis Allen, Medfield; Joshua Perry, Hanson; Andrew T. Foss, Manchester, N. H.; Leonard Chase, Milford, do.; James B. Whitcomb, Brooklyn, Ct.; Alphonso R. Janes, Providence, R. I.; Mahlon B. Linton, Bucks Co., Pa.

Secretaries—Samuel May, Jr., Charles K. Whipple, Jos. A. Howland.

Finance Committee—E. D. Draper, Sallie Holley, Frances H. Drake, Sarah E. Wall, Reuben H. Ober, Caroline F. Putnam, Elbridge Sprague.

Business Committee—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Boston; Wendell Phillips, do.; Charles C. Burleigh, Plainfield, Conn.; Maria W. Chapman, Weymouth; Eliza Lee Follen, Brookline; Lydia Maria Child, Wayland; Abbey Kelley Foster, Worcester; Parker Pillsbury, Concord, N. H.; Chas. L. Remond, Salem; Stephen S. Foster, Worcester; A. T. Foss, Manchester, N. H.

MR. SARGENT, on taking the chair, said that he did so in conformity with his desire that all gentlemen of his profession should put themselves inside of this movement, and not stand outside of it. He did not admire the invidious position taken by those who announced themselves as *Christian* anti-slavery men. He was satisfied with such anti-slavery as that of Mr. Garrison, such orthodoxy as that of Wendell Phillips, and such Christianity as that of Theodore Parker (applause). He closed by announcing Mr. Remond as the first speaker.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND said he hoped there would be little said in this meeting of slavery in general, but rather of slaveholders in particular. He differed from Mr. Garrison and other friends of the cause in regard to the satisfaction which should be felt relative to the position of Massachusetts towards anti-slavery and slavery. As a colored man, he had nothing but detestation and execrations for the spirit prevailing, even now, in Massachusetts and throughout the North, against the colored man. The postion of influence and popularity held by Dr. Nehemiah Adams in the city of Boston shows that the slave can have no hope from the religion of this city; and the position held by James Buchanan in the country at large shows that the slave can expect neither favor nor justice from the government.

WENDELL PHILLIPS offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That cordially as we welcome and profoundly as we appreciate the eloquent and hearty protest Dr. Cheever is making against our great national sin—though feeling as we do that no lips are more nearly inspired than his, in rebuking the sin of slaveholding—we still deem his position as connected with the American Church as disastrous—tending to neutralize every word he utters—that we cannot regard him as a clear-sighted and efficient friend of the slave, and we take this occasion to express our hope that no dollar of foreign or domestic aid will be given him until he cuts loose from all connection with a Church which is a brotherhood of thieves, and the bulwark of the slave system.

Mr. Phillips spoke at some length in support of this resolution, adducing arguments to show that the Church had lost its only favorable opportunity to achieve what humanity required of it, and that now adhesion to it was traitorous and inimical to anti-slavery principles. The man, he said, who has been truly impressed with the divinity and goodness and love of God will just as surely respond to the cause of temperance and humanity and justice and anti-slavery, as the little infant in its mother's lap will recognize and respond to the smile which it sees upon her face.

[We hope that a more extended report of Mr. Phillips's remarks on this important resolution will appear hereafter.]

MR. GARRISON, explaining that his voice would not allow him to make a speech, introduced to the audience one who had just made the inquiry of him whether there was opportunity and permission on this platform to state the other side.

The PRESIDENT said that was the very object and purpose of the Convention.

Mr. HUTCHINS, of Danielsonville, Conn., said—

History tells us that Alexander was passing by Diogenes in his tub, and that, the cynic philosopher being asked if he had any request to make of the king, and answering that he only wished him to get out of his sunshine, the conqueror of the world said—"If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes."

I would say, if I were not a friend of the Constitution and the religion of my country, I would be a Garrisonian Abolitionist. The greatest fault I find with you is, that you tell such an everlasting quantity of everlasting truth. But I cannot quite go with you. I wish more particularly to speak of Dr. Cheever, and his present position to the anti-slavery question.

Is it true that Dr. Cheever will soon approximate to the position of this platform, of not believing in the *religion* of this country? I cannot believe it.

If I believed the religion of this country was so vile, I would take a bee-line for the wilderness; I would turn hermit—I would turn misanthrope. But I do not believe it; and I see at present the best prospect of usefulness in praying with the Orthodox Church, and voting with the Republican party; at the same time, I must confess that there is far too much in both which warrants the severe denunciations of your Convention.

Jos. A. HOWLAND said—

Mr. Hutchins objects that our view of the Constitution is wrong; that we hold it to be pro-slavery, while he holds it to be anti-slavery. Now, where does Mr. Hutchins act, and where is his demonstration of his view of the Constitution? Why, he acts with a pro-slavery party, a party who believes the Constitution to be pro-slavery, and who avow their determination to execute it as such whenever and wherever they get possession of the power so to do. And now he comes to us, and asks us to join with him in the support of the same party, in order that all Abolitionists may work harmoniously together?

Mr. President, we cannot do it! We must, in fidelity to the slave, withdraw our support from all pro-slavery governments and parties, and we call on our friend to join with us in seeking the overthrow of the government and the parties who hold the slave in his chains. And while our friend stands as he does, we charge upon him greater guilt than that of those who, believing in a pro-slavery Constitution, execute it in accordance with their belief, while our friend does the same wickedness in violation of his avowed belief. And so, too, our friend professes to be a friend of the slave, while he continues in membership with and support of the American Church, which is the bulwark of American slavery. He asks us to join him. We beg to be excused. We do not like their course or their company.

He says that if he believed with us, he must take a bee-line for the wilderness, in order to be clear of complicity with the Church and government. We do not accept that view. We hold the right and duty to stay here, as honest men, trying to making the rest true to humanity; but if our friend cannot stay as an honest man, he had better flee to the wilderness than to retain his wicked complicity. *We* do not need or choose to go.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER said—My friend Mr. Phillips, in the resolution he just now read, has given the major key to this Convention. I like it much. I wish to give the minor key in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That any political party which, like the Republican party, avows the purpose to tolerate slavery wherever it exists under State jurisdiction, is essentially and radically pro-slavery, and, as such, deserves and will receive the heart-felt execrations of every true and intelligent lover of liberty.

Resolved, That we have neither respect for the judgment nor confidence in the integrity of those professed Abolitionists who, at this late day, continue to give their countenance and support to such a party, knowing, as every intelligent man must, that to support a party which sustains slavery is to make himself a participant in its crimes.

The merchant, on New Year's Day, takes an account of his stock, and balances his books. This is our New Year's day, and it is our business now to ascertain whether we have been advancing or retrograding.

Mr. Foster spoke at length, and with great energy, in regard to anti-slavery principles, methods and prospects. He admitted the general diffusion and spread of anti-slavery sentiment in the community, but argued that the number was not increasing, but, on the other hand, diminishing, of men who refused to have any connection or complicity with slavery in any wise, either in Church or in State. He thought the whole philosophy of the anti-slavery movement was wrong, and proceeded to expound what he deemed a truer and better philosophy.

Mr. PHILLIPS replied:

I am glad that Mr. Foster has made this speech, with a large part of which I agree. With one sentiment of his, however, I differ, and that is where he speaks of these differences of opinion as *quarrelling*. I do not so regard it. Differ we must, and it is the life of our cause that this perfect freedom of thought should exist. You may as well expect our *faces* all to look alike as our minds and our speeches precisely to agree.

Charles V. occupied himself, in the monastry to which he retired after his abdication, in trying to make fifty clocks keep uniform time. He failed, of course; and this failure set him to thinking how much more impossible the task would be to establish uniformity among the thoughts and actions of men.

These differences of opinion show that we are alive. They will always continue. They are neither to be feared nor deprecated.

Mr. Foster says that no new Abolitionists are made. How does he know it? He *cannot* know this. No man can know it.

Mr. Abbott Lawrence, some years since, when he was a candidate for Congress from this city, and on the high road to the United States Senate, was waited on by Francis Jackson and others of the anti-slavery men of this city, with a request to present the anti-slavery petitions. So little progress had anti-slavery then made that Mr. Lawrence could afford to slight the men and their request.

To-day, the Senator of Massachusetts sits among you in this audience. Why does he come here? and what does his presence indicate, but the mighty onward strides which this cause has taken?

MRS. ABBY KELLEY FOSTER rose to explain that Mr. Phillips was not correctly representing Mr. Foster's argument, who had not by any means said that no anti-slavery progress had been made, but that converts to our cause were not now made as in former years.

Mr. PHILLIPS proceeded: I had not forgotten the positions of Mr. Foster, and am considering them, in turn. Now I must say that our friend Stephen S. Foster is too orthodox for me. He believes not only in instantaneous conversion, but in a man being 21 years old as soon as he is born. I believe in a different process—first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

We did not get the Liberty bill passed this year; but it is no small indication of the progress of our cause that, with such opposition as is encountered, with such treachery and desertion of those who should have been its friends, it was defeated in the House of Representatives by a majority of three votes only.

If there has been this great change in the anti-slavery sentiment of the country, is it not proof of a growth, in the general mind and conscience of the nation, which not only should keep us from anything like despair, but animate us with the highest encouragement for the future? It has been charged against Dr. Cheever and Henry Ward Beecher that they will not stand upon our platform, nor unite with us in any anti-slavery effort whatever. But it was a noticeable thing, in our late meetings in New York, that there came upon our platform there, to express their respect and hearty sympathy for our movement, two young men, one a near friend of Henry Ward Beecher, a son of his pulpit, the other a right hand supporter and friend of the Pastor of the Church of the Puritans, Dr. Cheever. I refer to Mr. Theodore Tilton, now of the New York *Independent*, and Mr. Edward Gilbert.

We cannot expect to make converts to our ideas immediately. With the tremendous weight of influence brought to bear against them, on every hand, it is impossible that we should have it. But, on all sides, we see evidence that there is a marked change in public opinion on slavery.

Why do I except to Henry Ward Beecher? Because he stands in his pulpit, afraid or unwilling to apply to the sin of slavery the same measure that he applies to other sins.

MR. GARRISON said, I do not rise to reply to my friend Foster, but only to say that I totally dissent from the opinion he has expressed in regard to the retrogression of our cause. All the signs of the times indicate that "now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer." Our cause is now forced upon public attention in every department of business, politics, literature and religion; now the slave is seen by everybody, and cannot be put down. Banquo's ghost sits in the Tract Society, sits in the Bible Society, sits in the Sunday School Union, sits in the Missionary Board, sits in the Representatives' hall and in the Senate chamber. Encouragement, not discouragement, is seen on every hand, and all the aspects of society show a movement of advance towards the position we hold.

Remember that there must be degrees of light, degrees of progress, degrees of position. We ourselves advanced by steps, and we cannot expect others to go otherwise. However far short of our ground Dr. Cheever or Henry Ward Beecher may stand, if they should go to the South, we know very well that they would be regarded and treated as enemies by the slaveholders, and their lives imperilled.

Mr. MAY gave notices of succeeding sessions—and the Convention adjourned to 2 1-2 o'clock, p. m.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.—The meeting was called to order by the PRESIDENT, and was opened by singing a hymn, commencing

"Come from your farms, ye yeomen brave."

The Nominating Committee made a further report, which was accepted and adopted.

Mr. REMOND and Mr. FOSTER made some remarks upon the discussions of the forenoon, and in explanation thereof.

A. T. FOSS said that he had been very much impressed with seeing a colored man collecting money in the audience to buy the body and soul of his own son, and he inquired of himself, "In what age of the world do I live? and what is the religion of this age?"

A religion that allows men to be bought and sold, to be articles of property, cannot be the Christian religion, and is not a religion that I love, or wish to fraternize with, even if it merely looks on passively to see this wickedness done.

Something has been said of Dr. Cheever and Mr. Beecher. Well, where do they stand? They talk well upon this question, but in act or position they are with the American Church, sustaining a religion that deals in the bodies and souls of men—a religion whose priests tell us falsely, every Sunday, that this is a land where every man sits under his own vine and fig-tree, while they know that four millions of people in this land are not allowed to have vines and fig-trees. And these men who sustain such a false and wicked religion, and are in a position of antagonism to the cause and interests of the slave, whatever their professions and claims, the more they appear to be anti-slavery, while in this false position, the more dangerous is their influence, and the greater the obstacle they present to the onward progress of the cause of the slave.

And here I agree heartily and fully with our friend Foster; but in the position that he took, that we are losing ground, I do not agree with him at all. I do not believe it. He says that we are losing in numbers. I do not believe that either. Many joined us ostensibly in the outset, who, appearing to receive the word gladly, showed in the end that the seed had fallen on stony ground, or by the way side, or among thorns, and so had been apparently lost, but not really, for they were never fully with us—they were but the chaff which a good agriculturist always blows out from the wheat, and has a larger pile of chaff than of wheat; but it is no loss, but a gain, to be rid of it. We need sifting, and I am glad that we get it. When we started, we had of necessity a large amount of apparent grain, but now we are sifted, and have blown off a great deal of chaff, and have but a small pile of wheat. We ought to be glad of it, and ought not to pine, for what we have is wheat, sound and plump. And we have never lost or shall lose any kernels of that, but shall always gain.

S. MITCHELL, of Maine, offered a resolution denouncing all sects, parties, constitutions and governments on the face of the earth, and was proceeding to make a speech in favor of the same, when he was called to order, and suspended his remarks.

Rev. R. S. HASSALL, of Haverhill, said he liked the criticism of the Anti-Slavery platform, though at times he thought it too severe and quite unjust, and he did not like to have such men as Cheever and Beecher classed with the slaveholders. They had their peculiar theology, and they were sincere in holding to it, however mistaken they might be in it. And we are not to expect them to lay aside at once their views on these to them essential points, in order to labor with us, whom they esteem as infidels. If they will work for the slave at all, let them work in their own way, and let us not criticize them uncharitably. We want to convert men, and to do it thoroughly and completely; but it is a progressive work. Let us labor faithfully, and take what courage we can from the hopeful appearance of the cause, and the gain that shows itself in the position of these men.

PARKER PILLSBURY said he mainly agreed with S. S. Foster in his criticisms, and did not think with Mr. Hassall that our criticisms are too harsh or uncharitable. He thought Dr. Cheever open to all that had been said of him. He (Dr. C.) denounced the sin of slavery, and the Church that sustained it, blistering his tongue with the bitterness of his maledictions; but still he denounced and cursed our policy, while he fraternized with the men who, by his own showing, were the slaves' worst enemies. Dr. Nehemiah Adams never did the Anti-Slavery cause any harm; he cannot do it any; he may do it good; he is just in the position where the wrath of man shall praise God. But Dr. Cheever can and does do the cause much harm, and is in the most harmful position of any man with whom we must cope; and yet our STANDARD commends Dr. Cheever as a sound abolitionist, worthy the confidence and support of the friends of the slave. I do not agree with Mr. Foster in his belief that we are not progressing; and as to the number of converts or accessions, Mr. FOSS has disposed of that matter satisfactorily—and I need not enter upon that point.

We are asked to be friendly to the Republican party, and yet what is that but the white man's party? When have they extended the right of suffrage to the colored man? On the other hand, they have, in many States where they had a preponderance, by deliberate action denied the right of suffrage to the colored man, and enacted fully the Dred Scott decision.

Mr. Pillsbury then went farther into criticism of the position of the Republican party and some of its most prominent advocates and friends.

Rev. Mr. AMES, of Minnesota, made an amusing speech, saying that we ought to love the black man, and the white man too, but especially the *green* man, who wanted to be right, but did'nt know how. There ought to be charity towards such, and not too much severe and uncharitable criticism towards those who did not stand on this platform.

C. C. BURLEIGH spoke of the cheering signs of the cause in all its various aspects, and in reply to the position of Mr. Foster that we were losing ground, and also in reply to some of Mr. Foster's and Mr. Pillsbury's, as he thought, too severe criticisms of the Republican party, saying that he did not believe that the success of that party was the success of the Anti-Slavery cause, but he believed its triumph would promote the final triumph of freedom.

After a brief discussion, whether the question should be taken, or not, at this time, upon the resolutions now before the Convention, without coming to any decision, the Convention adjourned to meet at half-past 7 o'clock, in MUSIC HALL.

EVENING SESSION.—The evening session of the Convention was held at the Music Hall. One of the most magnificent gatherings ever assembled in the city, for any object, filled the hall to overflowing. It was certainly the largest audience ever collected in response to a call from the Massachusetts or New England Anti-Slavery Society, and, in view of the many other meetings held on the same evening, evinced a degree of interest in the cause, on the part of the public, as unexpected as it was most gratifying.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, at twenty minutes before eight o'clock, and the exercises opened with the singing of the familiar anti-slavery hymn commencing—

"Hark! a voice from Heaven proclaiming
Comfort to the mourning slave."

Mr. GARRISON, whose appearance was greeted with applause, then read the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we renew our testimony against the American Union, as a sinful alliance with oppressors, which gives strength to the slave system, implicates the North in the guilt of slaveholding, has already induced deep moral, religious, and political corruption, and almost measureless servility to the Slave Power among the Northern people; and, as it has made the sin of slavery national, threatens to involve the whole nation in the retributive ruin which must come upon all who persist in its perpetuation, as sure as God is just, and His justice will not sleep forever.

Resolved, That, in the words of the late lamented Judge Jay, the Union is "a most grievous moral curse to the American people; to the people of the South, by fostering, strengthening and extending an iniquitous and baneful institution; to the millions among us, of African descent, by riveting the chains of the bondman and deepening the degradation of the freeman; to the people of the Free States, by tempting them to trample under foot the obligations of truth, justice, and humanity, for those wages of iniquity with which the Federal Government rewards apostates to liberty and righteousness."

Resolved, therefore, That, in the name of freedom, of justice, of humanity, of manly self respect, of duty to man and to God, we call upon all who value these sacred names to repudiate at once the accursed compact and wrong, and, as the essential means of washing their own hands clean from the blood of the slave, to adopt in word and deed the motto, "No Union with Slaveholders."

The resolutions were received with loud applause.

SPEECH OF C. L. REMOND.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND was the first speaker. He was warmly cheered as he took his place upon the platform. He said he felt some pride in coming upon that platform, before that large and intelligent assembly, because his appearance, under such circumstances, was the exception and not the general rule, because he was happy to be recognized among the number who dare regard man as a man, irrespective of accidental or incidental circumstances, and because he could point to black men who had done and dared all for American liberty and independence which the whitest of his fellow-countrymen could boast of having done (loud applause). He took pride in being there, also, because he thought that whenever and wherever a colored man should have the opportunity of placing the position of his oppressors fairly before the people, he should take advantage of it.

If I had but one reason, said Mr. R., why I consented to appear here, it was because, at this moment, I believe it belongs to the colored man in this country to say that his lot is a common one with every white man north of the Potomac river; and if you ask me who are my clients, I think I may answer, "Every man north of Mason and Dixon's line, without reference to his complexion." I have read in the newspapers that one or two distinguished men of this city propose to spend the coming summer in Europe. Born in Boston, educated at Harvard, having been dandled in the lap of Massachusetts favor and Massachusetts popularity, they are about to travel in Europe, among despotisms, monarchies, aristocracies and oligarchies; and I trust in God they may learn, as they travel in those countries, that it is an everlasting disgrace that on the soil on which they were born, no man of color can stand and be considered free. If they shall learn no more than this, I will wish them a pleasant and prosperous tour; and unless they shall learn this, I hope they will come back and have the same padlock put upon their lips that is put upon men south of Mason and Dixon's line.

Our friend Mr. Garrison was reading a resolution when I came in, which looks to a dissolution of the Union of these States. I pray to God that he may live long enough to see that event transpire, for it is the only thing that can lead to the freedom of this country. I took up a paper, only three days ago, and I read that a public meeting had been held in the State of Mississippi, in which it was resolved that in the event of a Northern man, with Northern principles, being elected to the Presidential office in 1860, the safety, the welfare and the honor of the Southern States will demand that they immediately secede. I want to ask this large audience, Mr. Chairman, through you, supposing the citizens of Boston should call a meeting to-morrow, and resolve that in the event of a Southern man, with Southern principles, being elected to the Presidential office, this State will secede, how would the State of Mississippi receive it? Now, I am here to ask that the non-slaveholding States shall dare to do, and write, and publish, and resolve, in behalf of freedom, as the slaveholders dare to act and resolve in behalf of slavery (applause). We need do nothing more. Our fanaticism, our infidelity, our rebellion (may I say?), consists in this.

The time has been, Mr. Chairman, when a colored man could scarcely look a white man in the face without trembling, owing to his education and experience. I am not here to boast; but I may say, in view of what I have seen and heard during the last five years, as I said in the Representatives' Hall a few months ago, that our lot is a common one, and the sooner we shall so regard it, and buckle on our knapsacks and shoulder our muskets, and resolve that we will be free, the better for you as well as for me. The disgrace that once rested upon the head of the black man now hovers over the head of every man and woman whom I have the honor to address this evening, just in proportion as they shall dare to stand erect before the oligarchy of slaveholders in the Southern portion of our country; and God hasten the day when not only Music Hall, but every other hall in the city of Boston, the Athens of America, shall be made redolent and eloquent with tones that shall speak, as man has never before spoken in this country, for the cause of universal freedom. If the result of that speaking must be bloodshed, be it so! If it must be the dissolution of the Union, be it so! If it must be that we must walk over or through the American Church, be it so! The time has come when, if you value your own freedom, James Buchanan must be hung in effigy, and such men as Dr. Nehemiah Adams must be put in the pillory of public disgrace and contempt; and then Massachusetts will cease to be a hissing and a by-word in every other country.

In conclusion, Mr. Remond said: Mr. Chairman, I did not rise to make a speech. I told you, when I rose, that I had neither the strength nor the disposition, and I shall take my seat with the simple declaration, once for all, that I entertain for those who occupy this platform a regard which I am not able to describe; and notwithstanding all that has been said by my friend Stephen S. Foster to-day, in another place, calculated to discourage us, I believe that this movement is the only possible one to effect the peaceable emancipation of the slave. I admit that my hopes are not strong that the slave will be emancipated by such means. I believe American slavery will go down in blood. I am not only prepared to see it, but I long for the time to come, for I believe it will be a retribution that the American people deserve, and it will be a lesson by which those who come after them will not fail to profit.

The PRESIDENT then announced as the next speaker CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, of Connecticut (loud applause).

SPEECH OF C. C. BURLEIGH.

MR. CHAIRMAN: The resolutions which have been read here this evening have announced the faith of the advocates of the Anti-Slavery cause in the doctrine of disunion. Something has been said to-day, by some of the speakers to whom a portion of this audience have listened, about the relative position of our cause at different periods of its history. I think the manner in which the reading of those resolutions was received is an emphatic answer to any doubt, if doubt is anywhere entertained, as to the fact of our having made progress towards the end we aim at. The time was, and that not long ago, when the announcement of a purpose to advocate disunion would have called forth not applause, as those resolutions called forth to-night, but hisses and groans. To-night we stand before you as the open advocates of the dissolution of a Union which binds the living limbs of freedom to the dead and decaying corpse of slavery; we stand before you as the open advocates of the sundering of that tie by which the North is implicated in the crime of Southern slavery; and the announcement that we come with this purpose calls forth no expression of disapproval, no voice of condemnation, but, so far as a response is given at all, it is the response of approbation. Why is this? Because we have shown, in the prosecution of this enterprise, that the Union is so stained with the blood of the slave, is so blackened with immorality and crime, as to make reasonable the demand which we put forth for its dissolution. Or, if this is not acknowledged at once by the great majority of the people, yet it is acknowledged that we have, at all events, presumptive evidence in favor of the position, ground enough to justify reasonable men and moderate men in entertaining the question whether the Union shall be dissolved or not.

We have pressed upon the people the reasons for this demand until they have come to feel that there *are* reasons for it. At first, it was taken for granted that the demand was utterly unreasonable, that nothing could be said in its behalf, and that to make it was proof conclusive of fanaticism, and traitorous sentiments and treasonable designs. Now, even those who tell us that they see no necessity for a dissolution of the Union not unfrequently qualify the declaration by saying—"If we looked at the position of the North as you look at it, if we regarded the North as so implicated in slavery as you affirm it to be, then we should agree with you." If there can be no Union but on condition of Northern complicity with slavery, if there can be no Union but on condition of the surrender of Northern freedom, under all circumstances, to the domination of the Slave Power, then, says the man who sits in the Governor's chair of Massachusetts to-day, "Let the Union slide" (cheers). We are glad that a man in a conspicuous political position should be willing to say so much; but we say a little more than that. We say, that if there can be no Union without complicity with slaveholding, then not only "let the Union slide," but give it one strong push to *make* it "slide." See to it that such a Union be not tolerated among honest men, among men who recognize the obligation of the great Law of Love—the duty of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us.

It is not my purpose, just at the present time, to argue the question of disunion, in the length and breadth of that argument; but I have alluded to the response that not unfrequently meets us—"If we thought as you think concerning the relations of the North, under this Union, to slavery, then we should agree with you, that the Union ought to be dissolved." That seems to me a necessary conclusion in the minds of honest and honorable men, in the minds of men who recognize the truth of the Declaration of Independence. If a man have a right to liberty, if we are bound to do to others as we would have others do to us, and if millions of our fellow-men are crushed into the mire of chattelism by the weight of this American Union, then it is our duty before God, then it is our duty in the presence of a gazing world watching for evidence of our consistency with our professions, then it is our duty before the judgment bar of our own consciences, then it is our duty to the slave, appealing to us from the very depth of his misery—all the more eloquently because his appeal is mute, for we cannot give it voice—it is our duty to assail that Union, with all the energy which we would impart to that assault if the chains were clanking upon our limbs, and we knew the rivets were fastened there by the power of the Union.

Now, when men come to me and say, "If I looked upon the Union as you do; if I believed that by reason of it, the North is actually holding the slave in his chains, putting off the day of deliverance, strengthening the arm of the oppressor, then I would say, down with the Union! then I would adopt your motto of 'No Union with Slaveholders!'"—when men speak thus to me, I ask them, "What reason have you to give me against the allegation that this Union is riveting the chains of the slave, and that the North, by reason of its continuance in the Union, by reason of its continual reiteration of its oaths to the Constitution, which is the bond of Union, is slaveholding?" And men say, some this, and some that, and some the other. One class says to me—"I think that the Constitution is really anti-slavery. I believe that if it were rightly interpreted, if it were carried out in accordance with its original intention, and the plain meaning of its words, it would sweep slavery from the land at once. So I still remain in the Union, in order to get that power by which I can put the government into the hands of men who believe that slavery is contrary to the Constitution, and who will embody that belief in the administration of the government." Now, to that class, my answer is brief, and, it seems to me, conclusive: "You and I stand upon the same ground, for we both believe in repudiating a Union which recognizes slavery. If I refuse to sustain that Union, by refusing to swear allegiance to that Constitution, by refusing to give my vote to elevate men into offices in which they will use their power to perpetuate slavery, then I am directly assailing the existing Union. If you, on the other hand, give such interpretation to the Constitution as will make its administration death to slavery, you are assailing the existing Union; for we all know that the Union, which *is* between the North and the South, between those who call themselves freemen here and slaveholders there, is a Union conditioned upon participation in slaveholding, and that the slaveholders have repeatedly declared their determination not to consent to any other Union than that. You come, then, to the same conclusion that I come to. The moment you attempt to enforce the Constitution as an anti-slavery instrument, that instant you have broken the bond of Union; you have, in fact, violated the condition on which the South continues to be in it, and have tendered to the South the alternative, either to accept what is to her a new compact of Union, upon anti-slavery grounds, or to go out of this Union."

Then there is another class of persons who say, "We do not mean to do those things which the Constitution, according to your interpretation of it, requires. We believe that we have a right to do what God enjoins upon us, even if the Constitution forbids the doing of it." Perhaps they do not always distinctly put the proposition in those words, but it comes to that at last. For example, I tell them—"You, under the Constitution, not only as I interpret it, but as all the Courts, State and National, interpret it, as the Legislatures and executives of all the States and of the nation interpret it—the Constitution, so interpreted, requires you to give back the runaway slave to his master; requires you, at the command of the kidnapper, to become the kidnapper's bloodhound, to howl upon the track of the human prey"; and the answer is—"It is so, according to the letter and to customary interpretation, but we do not mean to do that. If the slave comes into our neighborhood, he is safe from his pursuer." How many times have I heard that in Hampshire, in Berkshire, along the borders of the Connecticut, down to the sands of Barnstable! That is the response I hear everywhere when I am urging the dissolution of this guilty compact with the oppressor. They say, "The Constitution is a good thing in many particulars." They say, as a man said to me to-day, "Let us take what there is good in it, and make the most of it, and let the rest go." Well, I do not believe in that way of dealing with the South, and I do not believe we can deal with it so. I believe, if we take the Constitution for what it claims to be, the supreme law of the land, we take the whole, and cannot let a part of it go, and yet claim the benefits and guarantees of the other part. But, waiving this objection, I wish to meet those who assume this position upon their own ground. I say to them—"You believe that it is right to refuse obedience to this part of the Constitution; you feel that it would be an outrage upon universal humanity to turn slave-catcher here upon the soil of Massachusetts. With Bunker Hill looking down upon you, with the echoes of Faneuil Hall ringing in your ears, with all the memories of the revolutionary period, and with all the old deeds of the Pilgrim Fathers calling upon you, like ghosts of the buried past, you know it would be sacrilege to turn slave-catchers upon the soil of Massachusetts, to enforce a statute, claiming to be constitutional, which would stain every inch of Massachusetts soil with the blood of the slave." For, mark you! no discrimination is possible, in doing an act according to law and the Constitution, between the actual doers of it, whose hands take hold upon the deed, and the great mass of citizens who stand behind, and give vigor to those grasping hands. It was not the United States Commissioner nor the United States Marshal that clutched the throat of Anthony Burns, and strangled the life of freedom out of his body. It was the Commonwealth of Massachusetts—it was the United States of America, including the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and every man who participated in that outrage upon Anthony Burns would have been a kidnapper, and been legally liable to be consigned to the penitentiary, had not the people of Massachusetts breathed vitality into the legal authority by which the deed was done, and made Marshal Freeman and Commissioner Loring their representatives in the doing of it. That is the legal aspect of the case; and yet you tell me that, as an individual man, you shrink from doing such a deed! that you are earnestly opposed to the doing of such a deed, and will, to the utmost of your ability, labor to prevent the doing of such a deed. Then I ask you to take such a position that your power shall not be poured, through the channels of legal authorization, into the bones and muscles of United States Marshals and Commissioners, when they go about such work. I ask that you shall embody your inmost will, your conscientious conviction, your religious faith in obedience to God rather than man—in obeying the *Bible* Fugitive Slave law, which says, "Thou shalt *not* deliver unto his master the servant who has escaped from his master unto thee," rather than that which says, "Give him up, or pay a fine of a thousand dollars, and be subject to imprisonment six months"—I ask you to embody that religious sentiment, that conscientious conviction, that settled inmost purpose of your souls, in such legislation as shall relieve you entirely from the moral responsibility of the deeds which have been done in your name. And I insist upon it that I have the argument here conclusively and unanswerably, if you take the ground that you have a right to obey God rather than man. I am not careful, so that the right conclusion is reached, whether you trample down the Constitution on the ground of the higher law, or trample upon the Union openly and avowedly, declaring that you prefer humanity, justice, fidelity to God, to all political compacts and all fancied advantages which you have from their existence. It is all one to me. But I am taking you upon your own ground; and I say, taking the ground that you are justified to yourself before the world, and before God, in refusing obedience to a constitutional requirement which is contrary to the Divine law, why do you not put your purpose into an enactment which South Carolina can read? She does not know what you are saying in the chimney-corner, or it is but an indistinct murmuring if heard at all; but if you stand up in open day, and announce the motto of this party, "No UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS," she would understand that; or if you do not choose to take that ground, if you would walk up to the State House, and embody your purpose to have no part in slave-catching in a statute that should go upon the archives of your State, and be blazoned before the whole nation, South Carolina would understand that. And until you do it, you are playing fast and loose with the South, your conscience and your God. You are betraying both sides—the slaveholders, by pretending that you will do something which you do not mean to do; and the slave, by allowing him to believe that you stand ready to thrust him back to his chains, if he should even attempt to escape from them—a belief that the master will take care the slave shall not change, if he can help it. You are playing false to yourselves, by imagining that you can escape responsibility by the words which are every day on your lips in private, while at the same time, in your judicial and legislative departments, you are trampling upon the rights of your brother, turning God's children into a marketable commodity.

Well, what answer do I get to this appeal which I make to the conscience of the nation? Some men answer it manfully by putting their names to a petition, asking for such a law as I have mentioned. Some men answer by urging the sending of that petition and the granting of its prayer by the Legislature. But there is another class of men, who answer me—"Oh, no; there is no need of doing it; it will only make trouble, and you had better not attempt to pass such a law."

These men, too, are the representatives of that party which claims to be, in some sort, an anti-slavery party. Probably the most influential organ of that party in the State—certainly the most influential of any outside of the metropolis—the paper which, singly, exerts greater influence than any paper in Massachusetts—comes out openly, decidedly against this legislation for which I am attempting to argue, and opposes it after such a fashion that the beginning of its argument forgets itself before it reaches the middle, and the middle is forgotten before the end is attained (laughter and applause); an article which reminds one, for all the world, of the story which used to amuse and astonish our childhood, of two black snakes that engaged in battle one day. One took the tail of the other in his mouth, who (in his turn) took the tail of his antagonist into his mouth, and they both swallowed and swallowed, until, at the end of the story, each had swallowed the other (laughter and applause).

The *Springfield Republican*, the paper to which I allude, had an article during the pendency of the petitions before the Legislature at its last session, asking for a Personal Liberty bill, in which it begins by condemning such a bill as unnecessary. Why, said the editor, we have already done all that is needful in this matter. It is already impossible to take a runaway slave away from Massachusetts. We have a Personal Liberty bill, which, although it does not in express terms forbid slave-catching upon Massachusetts soil, yet does practically amount to that. It throws so many difficulties in the way of slave-catching as to deter Southern men from attempting it, and as to make it morally impossible that they should succeed if they attempt it; and thus we indirectly obtain the very object you seek to obtain more directly by the passage of an anti-slave hunting act. Admitting this to be true, I have one special objection to it; it is not the argument of manly fairness and straight-forward honesty—not the argument of men who mean to deal open-handedly with their fellow-men. I say, if it is true that Massachusetts means to protect slave-catching, say so; say so so plainly that South Carolina can understand it. Anticipating that difficulty, the *Republican* goes on to say, If we do what you ask us to do, we shall precipitate a result we do not wish to come at. It would be a virtual dissolution of the Union; it would be to go against the compact of Union, and thus to break asunder the bond which holds us together. But when Massachusetts is ready to dissolve the Union, she will do it avowedly, openly, and not by any indirection. Thus having begun by denouncing that measure, because it is *directly* aimed at the attainment of an object which has been already attained by indirection, the *Republican* concludes by condemning that measure, because it would *indirectly* hasten an undesired result, which result, on their own showing, when it is desired, will be attained by *direct* action.

Now, that is the very ground on which we come to you on this question. We say, if Massachusetts has that manly character she is described as possessing, if she means to do what she aims at, directly, then are we proposing to her a method by which she can do that, not by indirection, as by her present round-about Personal Liberty bill, but directly, by the enactment of a statute declaring that there shall be no slave-hunting upon this soil. (applause).

Towards the conclusion of Mr. Burleigh's speech, the impatience of the audience to hear Mr. Phillips was manifested in a somewhat disorderly manner, and Mr. Burleigh, pausing in his train of remark, administered a severe rebuke to those who so far forgot the position in which they stood, as the guests of the Anti-Slavery Society, and the dictates of good manners, as to undertake to decide for themselves what dish should be set before them. It was not, he said, a personal question with him, but a matter of principle, and he should stand upon that platform until the hand upon the dial anounced midnight before he would leave the train of remark he had proposed to himself unfinished. The audience then became quiet, and Mr. Burleigh proceeded without interruption.

Mr. Burleigh was followed by Mr. PHILLIPS, in an eloquent and thrilling speech, which elicited frequent and most enthusiastic applause. We are obliged to defer this speech until next week.

Adjourned to 10 o'clock on Thursday morning.

THURSDAY.

MORNING SESSION.—Convention again assembled in Mercantile Hall. The PRESIDENT in the chair.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., referred to the case of the fugitive slave who was recently seized in Hyannis harbor, and transferred from one vessel to another, and taken back to slavery (to Norfolk, Va.), without any law, of one kind or another. He took

for a time, called one of the Vice-Presidents to take his place. He referred, in his remarks, to his own personal experience in the cause, from the days when, in his prejudice and blindness, he used to feel nothing but scorn for it, and for its advocates, to the time when he came to feel for it the highest respect, and to cherish for its friends and supporters, as he now did, the warmest sentiments of esteem and affection.

EDMUND QUINCY, on taking the chair, humorously expressed his satisfaction that one person had appeared to share with Francis Jackson and himself the labor and responsibility of presiding at the New England Anti-Slavery Conventions! His own recollections confirmed those of Mr. Sargent. He attained during the present year his *legal majority*, having been twenty-one years in the service of the Anti-Slavery cause—the only cause, he thought, in the public affairs of this country, worthy the support of a man or a gentleman. He rejoiced that he had been able to see, when this subject first came up to claim the attention of the public, that it deserved this precedence, and that he had ever since acted with it.

I do not sympathize with the views of those who see no advance in the prosperity of our cause. This meeting—the meeting last night—are proofs of the contrary. The throngs that formerly assembled at such meetings came to mob the Abolitionists—to bait them; and were sent there, virtually, by the merchants on your wharfs, and the ministers in your pulpits. And the respectable people who came without the purpose to participate in these outrages, came to amuse themselves with the contest, to see whether the Abolitionists would gore the curs that were yelping at them—as they generally did, most effectually.

The whole community now take, in many important particulars, the very ground which we were then *accused* of taking.

I have never forgotten what that noble, that sainted man, Dr. Follen, said at my own table, that the *glory* of the anti-slavery cause was that we had *no* plan; that we were advocating certain great and true principles which *must* work well in operation, from the very constitution and nature which God had given to man, and that our fearless action in conformity with them was a wise and faithful trust in Him. When our revolutionary fathers first stood in actual presence of the idea of disunion, what could they say when they were asked, as they very often were—what is your plan? what are you going to do? what will be the consequence of all this? They had no such definite information to give. They said plainly—we neither know nor care what the consequences will be; we are standing on our rights as men, and as British subjects; and we do not fear that any permanent ill-results can come of such action. They went on in this fearless course and were triumphant.

Suppose the Republican party could succeed in 1860—which it cannot; and suppose that the Southern States should thereupon secede, and dissolve the Union, which they will not (I wish to Heaven they would); would it be any calamity to New England? could n't we still get along uncommonly well?

Just think what a splendid country we should have! If this excrescence, this disease, this monstrous tumor would forthwith cut itself off from the body politic, what a noble Northern republic we might have then! The Constitution would need very little amendment to be good enough for us. We should be perfectly willing to give up to New York any fugitives who might escape from service or labor really due. All the needful changes might be easily and promptly made.

Just think, now, how unspeakably mean and base must be our position in the event of an insurrection of the slaves, a servile war! Our Constitution now requires us, in such a case, to help tyranny against freedom. But, after a dissolution of the Union, does any one suppose that, in the event of such a war, any help would go from the free Northern Republic to aid the masters? to re-subjugate the slaves? No, never!

We are called infidels. I am not an infidel, for I *believe*. The whole anti-slavery movement is a movement directly proceeding from faith in God; from absolute assurance that principles which he has written in our hearts *must* lead to good results in action; that it is safe to trust in them, and to act upon them; and that no security is to be found in any different position.

A time was then assigned, by vote, for the consideration of the subject of finance.

Mr. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, read the following resolutions, respecting the recent decease of CHARLES F. HOVEY:

Resolved, That among the many mysterious dispensations of Nature and Providence, during the past year, the sudden removal by death of our inestimable and never-to-be-forgotten friend, the late CHARLES F. HOVEY, is among the most afflictive and mournful.

Resolved, That while profoundly sensible that no eulogy of ours can do justice to a life like his, nor praise and panegyric shed any new lustre on a memory already embalmed in the hearts of multitudes, whom his never-failing sympathies and charities have blessed, we would still register our witness to his unspeakable worth in all the relations, public and private, in which he moved; and of the almost irretrievable loss our cause, and every important and philanthropic enterprise, have sustained in his removal.

Resolved, That it shall ever be our high purpose to prove the deep sincerity of our admiration for his character, and respect for his virtues, by imitating them to the utmost of our power; his manly courage and unshaken constancy, especially in every important but unpopular cause; his unconquerable faith in the power of simple truth and ideas to accomplish every great work of humanity; his lofty sense of justice, reaching from the very heights of national and commercial interest to the humblest relations and occupations of his fellow-men; his hearty hatred of all shams and pretensions in religion, in politics, and in social life; his ever mindful respect and regard for the rights of universal humanity, irrespective of sex, complexion or condition; his deep interest in every work of philanthropy, progress, and real reform; his generous and unfailing contributions to their support, besides a golden stream of more private charities, never failing; his deep and affectionate devotion in his family relations, the constant, trusting and faithful friend, the model merchant and man of business, and whatever else is ever united in the most highly favored and endowed among the sons of men.

Resolved, That the President of this Convention be instructed to communicate a copy of these Resolutions to the bereaved widow and family of our departed friend.

Mr. PILLSBURY spoke substantially as follows:

There are occasions, Mr. Chairman, where silence is the truest speech; where the deepest emotions of the soul do not admit of being formed into words. If there were ever an occasion where deep and solemn feelings should rest on every mind and heart, one might suppose the present is peculiarly and emphatically such an occasion. We have not come here to-day either to praise or bury our friend; and yet, perhaps, we cannot do full justice to him unless we try to say something in his behalf; for it was a peculiarity of his never to blazon his own virtue. Among the many excellent and noble traits in his character, that of entire self-forgetfulness was most conspicuous.

I have known some men in this land, and in other lands, eminent for their many virtues and graces of character; but, at the same time, I never yet knew a man who combined in himself so much that is excellent—peculiarly so—in human character, as did he. There are those who have eloquence of speech, which he had not; but he had the more lofty eloquence of DEEDS, the record of which is not only embalmed in multitudes of grateful hearts, but I trust in the ledgers on high; and that they shall be held in perpetual remembrance, while memory performs its office.

He was a peculiar and happy combination of all that gives us, or that can give us, the highest conception of the possibility of perfection in the human character. But I cannot speak as I feel in regard to it, and it seems as though I should do better justice to his memory by the deep and unutterable grief which I feel, whenever I think of his loss. And yet, that grief is always relieved by the remembrance that I know, and am sure, in the first place, that he is not lost, and that such as he cannot be lost; and more than that, whatever there be of loss to us, is his far greater gain; and in so far as he is lost to us, I fancy it is only in appearance. I trust that his spirit is hovering over this audience, and has an inspiring influence, perhaps more potent in its effects upon us than was his bodily presence in his most felicitous hours.

One year ago, he was among us—among us in the vigor of health and manly life. Few among us had better lease of life, apparently, than had he; but we have found how true it is that "Death loves a shining mark!" We have found that there may be other fields of usefulness, where the brighter gifts are required; and we may believe, we cannot but believe, that, in Infinite Wisdom, he has been transferred to those higher scenes, and those holier and nobler occupations—if there be such holier and nobler than he engaged in when on earth; and that there may be a reflective influence from him back upon us, that shall be more to us than his presence has ever been. His place, to human gaze, is now vacant: there is a lost planet now to mourn for. The brightest luminary in our constellation has suddenly disappeared. But, as the resolution read declares, we can best prove our admiration of his character by the highest and most constant attempts to imitate his many manly and noble virtues.

There is one peculiarity to which I may allude, and that is, that the most unpopular, the most extreme, the most extravagant ideas, the most ultra and despised sentiments, were such as he ever sought out, and made his peculiar care—the lowest among the low in condition, the extremest in extreme ideas, the most extravagant positions in our extravagant movements in reform and progress. It was among these, and upon these, that he dwelt with peculiar pleasure and satisfaction. I knew him, perhaps, as intimately, for the last five years of his life, as did any of you; and though, in almost every particular, there were wide differences between us in all outward considerations, still, in heart, in spirit, and in soul, I can truly say that we were one. And though in these very sentiments, when I have been so unfortunate as to differ with my noble companion and friend, I ever acted in accordance with his views, and ever had his sanction and approval, in their extremest form. And in the present advocacy of sentiments, with the same extravagance, I am but carrying out his constantly expressed wishes down to the latest period of his life, while there was health remaining to give utterance to those sentiments. And if he be, to-day, looking down from the heights of blessedness above into my heart, I can appeal to my heart and say that it is, as it ever has been, my intention to be true to my own convictions; and the greatest joy I feel in this attempt to be thus faithful is that I have gained his approval in every position and sentiment which I have advanced.

But, Mr. Chairman, our time is short, and I certainly should do violence to all his professions and declarations, if I should consume the golden moments of this opportunity in dwelling on his virtues. I will, therefore, pay the highest possible tribute to his memory, by bringing my remarks to a close, and living for the time which must come—it may come soon—when I can tell him, face to face, all he will wish me to say in regard to what he has been to me. For I know he would not have me waste your time in speaking here; so I shall close, by repeating, what he and I many times, when together, have read with great delight, from his favorite poet BURNS:

> "The bridegroom may forget the bride
> Was made a wedded wife yestreen;
> The monarch may forget the crown
> That on his head an hour hath been;
> The mother may forget the babe
> That smiles so sweetly on her knee;
> But I'll remember thee, my friend,
> And all that thou hast done for me."

Mr. PHILLIPS continued, enlarging on the energy, frankness and independense of Mr. Hovey's character, the great loss his death was to the anti-slavery enterprise, and to the circle of devoted friends who gather round it.

HENRY C. WRIGHT bore a feeling testimony, after a long and intimate acquaintance, to the rare merits of his deceased friend.

Mr. GARRISON rose and said—

Every one of us feels his heart strongly pulsate in favor of the resolutions that have been submitted to us as a tribute to the memory of our departed friend. The bereavement is felt to be universal. Having elsewhere borne my testimony, it is not necessary for me to occupy any length of time in speaking of the worth of one so dear to us.

Briefly, then, let me say, he possessed certain traits of character that were remarkable, and worthy of being held up to the imitation and admiration of all.

There was nothing, I think, he liked so well as a manly and brave spirit. He went for free thought and free speech to any extent. No matter what the meeting might be, or what its object, his only inquiry was, "Does it allow all sides to be fairly heard?" If so, he was ready to contribute generously to defray its expenses. Last summer, for instance—as you will recollect—a Convention was called at Rutland, Vermont, for the purpose of discussing the various reformatory movements of the age—the largest liberty of speech being guaranteed to all who should attend. It was called chiefly, if not exclusively, by those who are interested in modern Spiritualism—for which our friend Hovey had no taste, and towards which he cherished some repugnance; never having seen any of its phenomena that led him to believe in their spiritual origin. Though he had no reason to doubt that the Convention would naturally be mainly controlled by Spiritualists, and perhaps most of the speeches made by them, yet, inasmuch as they invited all persons to come to it, bringing their own ideas with them, and an unfettered tongue to advocate what they pleased, he not only attended the Convention, but employed at his own expense the best reporter to record all that might be said or done, faithfully and impartially, on that occasion—the proceedings making a large and handsomely printed pamphlet of nearly two hundred pages. I doubt if there be one man in a million to be found whose love of free discussion in general is so strong as to induce him to make such an expenditure in its behalf, under similar circumstances.

What always impressed me was his moral courage. I think if there was ever a man delivered from "the fear of man," it was CHARLES F. HOVEY. If there was ever a man who did not stop to ask whether the cause was popular, or not, before he espoused it, it was our lamented friend. Believing it to be right and true, he gave himself to it with a whole heart and generous will.

My friend, Mr. Phillips, has spoken of the beneficent bequest Mr. Hovey has made to the anti-slavery cause. That bequest, I think, was truly characteristic, and especially noticeable, for this reason: Our glorious cause has been before this nation for thirty years, challenging the sympathy and aid of all classes. Many rich men have died during that time; men of property are dying every day, and are making liberal bequests for charitable purposes. But, mark you, always for those purposes which will be sure to receive the approbation of everybody, but never to promote an unpopular movement. So calculating, timid and conservative is wealth. CHARLES F. HOVEY is the very first man of property who has died and left a large portion of his means or any considerable amount to the anti-slavery cause, or to other kindred enterprises. May he not be the last!

It is impossible to praise, sufficiently, his kindness and benevolence. I find it going out in all directions. The other day, in my household, I was speaking of our departed friend, when the young Irish girl, who lives with us, related the following incident:

"I went into his store, one day, for the purpose of purchasing a dress. I saw a piece of calico that pleased me very much, but I had not money enough to buy it. Mr. Hovey was there; I told him I was sorry I could not take it; but if he would trust me, I would certainly bring him the balance. He said he would trust me. When I went to him, a few days after, to offer him the money, he said, 'I hardly expected to see you again; but I like your integrity of character so much, I wish you to keep the money.'"

A very trifling incident, indeed—but thoroughly characteristic of the man!

He was remarkably genial in spirit, as well as firm in purpose. Our friend Mr. Pillsbury has well said, he was the most ultra of the ultra. He stood in the fore front, as far as it was possible for a man to go and yet keep his balance; yet, while he was uncompromising, he was always magnanimous. What he asked of others was not an exact agreement with all his opinions, but manly straightforwardness and consistency in carrying out what they professed to believe. He despised all shuffling and time-serving.

He never looked on the dark side of a question; but was ever buoyant and hopeful.

He was a thorough democrat. He espoused the Democratic party when a young man, full of zeal and deep sincerity. He supposed that party to be all that was in his own soul, and, as a matter of course, on the side of humanity and freedom. But he soon found that it was a thoroughly rotten and hypocritical party, and he left it in disgust

As he was just despairing of finding any party to respond to his honest and noble nature, he chanced, one day, as a matter of curiosity, to come into a meeting of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention; and there he heard men and women uttering the noblest sentiments in behalf of the most oppressed and despised of the human race and in the face of popular violence and obloquy, with no motive but that of disinterested benevolence; and he said, "I must know these people better, and see whether they are really actuated by principle, and mean what they say. If so, they are the party for which I have been seeking." From that moment till the hour of his death, he was one with us.

Mr. President, there has been a remarkable preservation of the Abolitionists through our long and fearful struggle—a struggle which covers an entire generation. How few, especially of the earliest and most prominent actors therein, have been called away! It seems to me that the providence of God has been singularly displayed in this fact. In the course of nature, however, we must soon be taking leave of each other. Every Convention like this is to be regarded as a farewell meeting to some of us. Of one thing I feel sure: whenever "the inevitable hour" shall come to any of us, we shall never regret any sacrifice we may have made, or labor performed, in behalf of the enslaved in our land. To whatever sphere of existence we may be translated, we shall never look back with sorrow that we espoused the cause of a people "peeled, meted out, and trodden under foot." Our time is short: let us work while the day lasts. For one, I would not always live here. I am ready to go at any moment. Nothing in this universe do I accept with more joy or more gratitude than this change which we call death. Death—what is it? As much a manifestation of the benevolence and wisdom of God as earthly existence itself. It is an event as natural as the falling of the leaf, or the blossoming of a flower. There is no evil in it. Death—it is "Excelsior!" It is "onward and upward!" It is a better and a higher position—a nobler sphere of life. It is not to be met with resignation, as though it were a calamity or a judgment in itself, but rather with thankfulness and a victorious spirit, in God's good time. Come the last hour when it may, I trust my song shall be,

> "I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
> And when my voice is lost in death,
> Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
> My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
> While life, and thought, and being last,
> Or immortality endures."

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., said—

It can be no violent transition to pass from the consideration of our friend's loss to take up the subject of financial aid to our cause, which has been assigned to this hour. I therefore move that the Finance Committee now proceed to ask of the Convention their donations and pledges of aid for the coming year.

While this work was proceeding, Mr. Garrison exhibited a large and fearful whip, manufactured, with tens of thousands more such, in Westfield, in this State, for the Southern market, to be used upon the bodies of men and women. Others remarked that Westfield is a very orthodox town, and that no audience could be found there lately for an anti-slavery meeting.

Mrs. ABBY K. FOSTER said she had recently heard that Ohio was now better prepared to welcome and repay the preaching of thorough anti-slavery truth than ever before. She spoke of the fact that thirty or forty citizens of Ohio were now in prison for rescuing a man from the hands of slaveholders, and said that these men, who had long been members of the Republican party, and so supporters of the Union and Government (which exists by agreeing to slavery), were now having the poisoned chalice commended to their own lips.

Mr. SARGENT added to his reminiscences of the commencement of his anti-slavery life some particulars respecting Wendell Phillips.

Mr. Foss said he went this morning to hear Dr. Cheever before the American Missionary Association, and that he had never before heard such magnificent cursing. Dr. C. spoke of the American Board of Missions as a "dunghill of depravity," and said that the walls of Zion are sweating and oozing with wickedness, so that one might dip their fingers therein, and write "Ichabod" there.

I was struck, said Mr. Foss, with the appearance of the audience. As the speaker proceeded, the ministers gradually disappeared from the platform.

But, after all this terrible denunciation, Dr. Cheever spoke of the American Board as a body of Christian men! Is not this a marvellous thing? It seems to me that Dr. Cheever and Henry Ward Beecher are melancholy instances of the ruinous effect of a false theology upon characters otherwise noble and manly.

I wish now to speak of the Personal Liberty bill. Republicans and others, who have expressed good will to the cause of the slave, have asked for something *tangible* to which to apply themselves in this work. We now give them something tangible. Let them circulate this petition, and get to it the name of every member of their party, every citizen of their town.

Judge Harrington, of Vermont, said he would not surrender a human being as a slave unless the claimant brought him a bill of sale signed by God Almighty. I would not accept even this. I should assume it undoubtedly to be a forgery.

I rejoice at the progress made in Vermont, but I am now chiefly concerned for Massachusetts. Slaves can now be taken from our soil. I want that to be henceforth rendered impossible. I want hundreds of thousands of names to the petitions, and a large majority for the proposed bill in both houses.

Mr. GARRISON said: "The *leaders* of the people cause them to err." This bill would have been passed last year but for the opposition of Governor Banks. He had an object which seemed to him more important than this, namely, the purchase, for Massachusetts, of the house once occupied by Governor Hancock! Instead of working the needful righteousness to-day, he is building and whitening the sepulchres of dead prophets.

Mrs. FOSTER made an earnest appeal, as far as her voice would allow, for active help to the cause, both by contribution and personal labor.

Adjourned, to meet 1-4 before three.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.—The meeting was called to order by the PRESIDENT, at 3 o'clock.

HENRY C. WRIGHT read a series of resolutions, affirming that the Republican party, sustaining the system of slavery in fifteen States, cannot be trusted to prevent the revival of the foreign slave trade, or to effect the abolition of the domestic slave trade; that a Church that can sustain a communion with slaveholders cannot be recognized by the friends of abolition; that slaveholders and slave-hunters, *as such*, have no rights which any man, white or black, is bound to respect; that no man can be a hearty or efficient Abolitionist, or true friend to liberty, who esteems any object paramount to the abolition of slavery; that the formation of the American Union is in itself a wrong and outrage which no power in the universe can make right or justify.

He said that in this city and in this country a horse is practically considered of more value than a man, a sheep than a human soul; because, if I steal a horse or a sheep, I am turned out of the ministry and out of the Church; while, if I steal a man, I am a good American church-member and Christian—a teacher of Christianity, a Doctor of Divinity. And, as in Church, so in State. Our friend, Henry Wilson, who sits before me, would not sit in Congress beside horse-stealers and sheep-stealers as honorable men and fit associates and co-legislators; but he does sit with men-stealers. If he was a slave—and I wish to God he was, for awhile—for if any one should be a slave, it should not be the poor blacks, who cannot speak for themselves, but the strong white man, who can speak; and I wish the Wilsons, the Sumners and the Giddingses could but be slaves awhile, they would then be willing to speak for the slave. If the Constitution made them slaves, they would crush the Constitution; they would not sit down in Congress with men who stole their wives or children.

I have no confidence in the Republican party. It does not propose to abolish or hinder slavery, but does propose to defend and sustain it. Such a party can do nothing for liberty. No party that does not make man superior to institutions, or to his accidents, can be a friend of freedom.

I do not care to discuss any question of the rightfulness of slavery, or whether the Constitution or the Bible sustains it. It is wrong of itself, and a whole Bible full of denunciation could not make it wrong, neither could a whole Bible full of support of it make it right. And no man would take a Bible endorsement for his own enslavement.

S. S. FOSTER then made a speech at length in further elucidation of his position against the inefficiency of our Society and its movements, and in demonstration of its retrogressive course, as it appears to him.

Mr. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, made a further report.

Whereas, for seventy years, the people of this Commonwealth have wickedly and ruthlessly consented to the hunting of men, women and children within their boarders, by Southern slave-hunters, and have helped to seize, and fetter, and return to slavery, those who have had the heroism to seek their freedom by flight; and

Whereas, they have hitherto attempted to shield themselves behind the plea of acquiescing in a constitutional arrangement, essential to the preservation of the Union; therefore,

Resolved, That it avails nothing to say that, by the Constitution, "we are delivered to do this thing"—that, if we refuse to carry out the contract, we shall dissolve the Union, and run the risk of the horrors of civil war; for no matter what the Constitution may require—no matter what may be the pledge given to the South—no matter what may be the consequences if the slave-hunters are not permitted any longer to seize their trembling fugitives on our soil—while the people of this State consent to participate in the re-enslavement of the fleeing slave, they are a Commonwealth of kidnappers.

Resolved, That it is the first religious duty of the people of Massachusetts to put an end to slave hunting on their soil, without delay, come what may, and at whatever cost; and, therefore, in the performance of this duty, they should promptly sign and circulate the petition to the next Legislature, demanding of their representatives officially to withdraw the sanction of the State so long given to the perpetration of this horrible crime, and to decree that, as soon as any fugitive slave shall enter the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, his chains shall fall asunder, and he stand erect as a man and a brother.

Resolved, That in the refusal of the last Legislature to pass such a decree, though besought to do so by a great multitude of petitioners, representing all classes in society, a great sin was committed; nevertheless, we cannot refrain from warmly commending the large minority (composed exclusively of Republicans), in the House of Representatives, who stood their ground so unflinchingly against the leading influences of their party, and voted to abolish slave-hunting in this Commonwealth, independent of all party considerations; nor can we withhold the expression of our earnest hope that no man who voted in the majority will again be permitted to hold a seat in the Legislature, or any office in the gift of the people, until he proves himself worthy of confidence and respect.

Resolved, That it is with inexpressible delight we have the assurance of the restoration of our beloved friend and eloquent coadjutor, GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., of England, to such a degree of convalescence from a long, distressing, paralyzing illness as to enable him to participate in the reform meetings now being held in every part of the kingdom, and with characteristic zeal and devotion to exert all his powers in behalf of the cause of freedom and humanity; and while one heart and voice we send our warmest greetings and congratulations to him across the Atlantic, and bestow upon him our heartfelt benediction—assuring him that we vividly and gratefully remember the invaluable services which he rendered to the cause of the slave when heroically perilling his life in this country in the darkest hours of the Anti-Slavery struggle; and that we need no formal assurance on his part that never will he allow any opportunity to pass without vindicating the character of American Abolitionists from the foul aspersions cast upon them by those whose bigotry is paramount to their love of humanity, and whose feelings are inclined to the side of the oppressor, rather than to break the fetters of the oppressed.

C. C. BURLEIGH then made a speech, mainly in refutation of Mr. Foster's remarks and position.

S. MITCHELL, of Maine, made a brief speech in the attempt to show that in order to free the slave, we must free ourselves of all bonds to all governments, sects or societies.

Rev. THOMAS H. JONES, formerly a slave in South Carolina, said that slavery was a terrible thing, a gigantic wickedness, that he hated; for he had felt it, and knew it to be what John Wesley had called it, "The sum of all villanies." He was devoted to the dissemination of truth on this question, and he meant to live in it, and do for it, till slavery was abolished, or he died a martyr to liberty. This cause would triumph ultimately, for it was of God, and must prevail.

Mr. Garrison he regarded as a true friend of the slave, and for years, and ever since he had known him, he had so recognized him, and he always made that proclamation wherever he went, in every meeting-house he entered, and he entered a good many. Many told him that he was not safe here, and should go to Canada; but he meant to stay, and hoped to stay safely; but if he perished, he was willing to be a martyr.

Mr. Jones then continued, in a strain of native eloquence, to narrate, with comments, some portions of his experience in "praying with his legs" in his escape from slavery.

The resolutions before the Convention were then taken up.

The resolution on Dr. Cheever was passed unanimously.

The series upon Dissolution was then adopted—one voice only being heard in the negative.

The resolution relating to George Thompson was unanimously adopted.

The series upon slave-hunting in Massachusetts, and upon the Petition against slave-hunting, was adopted unanimously.

The resolutions offered by Stephen S. Foster were then adopted, 22 to 17.

Adjourned to half-past 7 o'clock.

THURSDAY EVENING.—The PRESIDENT in the chair.

The anti-slavery song was sung—

"Bring from the South your minions."

The PRESIDENT referred to the fact that Rev. James Freeman Clarke—a good anti-slavery friend of ours, and often on our platform—had to-day been chosen the Secretary of the Unitarian Association. This he regarded as one of the straws which show how the current of popular opinion is setting.

The Convention was then addressed by W. L. GARRISON, J. A. HOWLAND, E. H. HEYWOOD, S. S. FOSTER and WENDELL PHILLIPS.

On motion of Mr. HOLDEN, of Lynn, seconded by Mr. Garrison, the resolutions of Mr. Foster, adopted this afternoon by a small vote, were reconsidered, 44 to 5.

Mr. GARRISON, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the cause of Equal School Rights, now being contended for in Rhode Island by the colored citizens and their friends, deserves the concentrated and persevering energies of every friend of freedom and education in that State, and is, we believe, destined to be crowned with success, at an early day, through a regenerated public sentiment.

Whereas thirty estimable, humane and Christian citizens of Ohio have been arrested, put on trial, and a portion of them convicted and sentenced, and the remainder committed to prison until the July term, by the United States government, on the charge of having succored and saved an alleged fugitive slave illegally arrested; therefore,

Resolved, That this Convention expresses its congratulations to those imprisoned martyrs, that they have been found worthy to bear this cross, which shall yet be crowned with glory, and help mightily to redeem the millions pining in bondage.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted.

After which, the Society adjourned, *sine die*.

JOHN T. SARGENT, *President*.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr.,
CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
JOSEPH A. HOWLAND,
} *Secretaries*.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION.

WE lay before our readers the proceedings of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, which they will find of unusual interest. This meeting, which has grown to be one of the fixed institutions of Boston, was equal to any of its predecessors in importance and in the attention it excited. The sessions of no preceding Convention were ever better attended or attended to. The evening session in the Music Hall was perhaps the largest assembly of a strictly Anti-Slavery character that has ever met anywhere in the country. Certainly, there can have been none larger. The hall is one of the most capacious as well as the most beautiful in the country, and it was filled as full as it could possibly hold—platform, seats, balconies, aisles and standing-places. It was truly a magnificent sight, and may be accepted as a symptom of the Good Time Coming.

The other sessions were held in the Mercantile Hall in Summer street, a place entirely incommensurate with the demands of the time. But it was the only hall which the rush of Anniversaries during that week left to the Abolitionists. It was, necessarily, crowded to an uncomfortable degree, and many persons anxious to hear the gospel of Anti-Slavery were compelled to go away empty; but as many as the walls could contain were always collected within them, and the word of truth was not withheld from them. Many men of public character mingled with the crowd in attendance, as well laic as clerical, and we trust that what they heard may be blessed to their amendment. Entire order marked the proceedings and the speaking was certainly of the usual average of Anti-Slavery Conventions, in which we know, from high authority, that "eloquence is dog-cheap." From the "fleas" with which the same metaphysical naturalist says those Conventions are sometimes vexed, this one was singularly free.

The discussions went over a wide range of subject, and, though not without strong diversities of opinion, we believe left no asperities of feeling behind them. It is one of the eminent virtues of the free discussion that is the glory of our platform that the Abolitionists deal with one another with the same fidelity they mete out to the world outside. As there is nothing self-seeking in the cause which unites us together in one band for the removal of an evil and a curse, which is no more to us than to all the land beside, the different methods and philosophies which commend themselves to different minds, while they may give rise to sharp controversies, can leave no abiding bitterness behind them—for they are imbued with no taint of selfishness. We are assured, therefore, that good and only good can issue from the keen encounters, not of wits, but of earnest spirits, which gave animation to this Convention, and especially to the concluding session.

As we have no doubt that all our readers are as competent to form their own opinions of the character of the action and the discussions of the Convention, which we lay before them, as we can be, we shall abstain from any particular note or comment upon them. We can assure them that they will find the Report, if as full as usual, unusually well worth the time necessary to peruse the doings of the Convention. In fact, from the necessities of the case, each succeeding occasion when the American Abolitionists assemble to record their testimony against the crying sin of the time and country is more interesting than any that went before. For the plot of the great tragedy is ever thickening more and more. And the last act is no exception to the general rule.

DR. BAILEY, editor of *The National Era*, sailed from this port for Europe on Saturday. We regret to say that he goes from necessity, not choice—in quest of health, "seeking restoration to those activities and energies, without which it would seem better that a man should die." He has our sympathy in this calamity, and our earnest wish that he may speedily attain the object for which he goes abroad. He will communicate with the readers of the *Era* in his absence, if he has strength enough to write.

THE HYANNIS KIDNAPPING CASE.

A SHARP schooner, with raking masts and a most audacious look of speed, may be seen on almost any day, fair or foul, sailing up and down Norfolk Harbor, Hampton Roads, Virginia, carrying at her mast-head a white flag with a black ball in the centre—in the absence of the more appropriate symbol of a skull and bones—stopping every vessel outward bound, searching it if necessary, or more usually taking the easy oath of the captain that, to the best of his knowledge, information and belief, no unfortunate runaway slave is secreted anywhere among the boxes and bales of other merchandise in the cargo. This rakish craft is familiarly known as "Gov. Wise's cruiser"; and many a poor fellow, wedged fast among casks and barrels under the deck of a long-shore trader, or nailed out of sight in a close box soaking in the bilge-water of the keel, has been hoisted out of his hiding-place by His Excellency's detectives, and carried, disappointed and crest-fallen, over the gunwale of the little schooner, to end his adventure by a short homeward voyage to the city wharf and the city jail.

How would our Massachusetts friends like the idea of such a revenue cutter in Barnstable Bay, or in Boston Harbor? We throw out the suggestion hardly in seriousness; for it seems that no such additional expense to the annual Naval Appropriation is likely to be needed in that quarter. A less public and more economical method has been devised for disposing of such fugitives as have been unfortunate enough to get within hailing distance of freedom and the Cape Cod coast. Here is an instance, fresh from the break-water and light-house of Hyannis.

The brig Roleson left Pensacola on the first of May, bound for Boston. The vessel was under the command of John Orlando, mate; the master, Capt. Crowell, being at the time in Massachusetts. Shortly after leaving on the homeward voyage, Orlando discovered that there was a fugitive slave on board, who had secreted himself in the cargo, and who, he had reason to believe, was supplied with food by some of the crew. He soon discovered the man, and had him placed in confinement. The fugitive gave his name as Columbus Jones, and admitted that he was a slave, but said he never would go back to slavery alive. After a few days, he was missing from the place of his imprisonment, and some of his clothes were found arranged in such way as to lead to the supposition that he had jumped overboard. The mate, however, soon discovered that he was still on board, concealed somewhere among the cargo, and still supplied with food by the crew. He accordingly ordered the hatches down, and shut off all communication with the hold for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time, Orlando, who was secretly on the watch, detected him by an accidental noise. He was immediately pounced upon, and put in irons. But the prisoner, being a strong man, in a day or two broke his chains. He was again handcuffed, and again broke loose. He actually snapped three sets of handcuffs, until at last he was chained in a caboose.

With the prisoner thus secured, the brig dropped anchor in Hyannis, on Sunday, May 8th, and the mate went ashore to communicate with the captain. While he was gone, the slave effected his escape from the caboose, and, hailing a skiff from another vessel, offered a man in it a dollar if he would row him ashore. The man accepted the proposal, and the fugitive got into the boat. The crew on board seem to have been aware of what was going on, but pretended not to observe it, as their sympathies were where the captain's ought to have been. The skiff put off from the brig, and was nearing the shore at Hyannis, when it was met by a boat containing Capt. Crowell and Orlando, who stopped it, and took Jones back to the brig. The captain ascertaining that the Elizabeth B., a schooner lying in the harbor, was about to sail to Philadelphia, made an arrangement with the master, Capt. Bacon, to go out of his course, and carry the slave to Norfolk, Va., whence he could be easily sent back to Florida. It is said that Capt. Bacon was paid $500 for undertaking this unmanly task. His schooner sailed on the 9th, with the fugitive *chained to the capstan*. As soon as the circumstances became known, complaints were issued against Capt. Crowell and his mate, on the charge of kidnapping.

The culprits were brought into the Police Court in Boston on Thursday last, and gave bonds, the captain for $2,500, and the mate for $1,500, to appear for trial at the September term of the Superior Court of the County of Barnstable. The Court cannot, if it would, befriend the slave, who, by this time, has no doubt been successfully carried again into slavery; but in sentencing the full penalty of the law upon the kidnappers, it may give the salutary warning to captains and mates of slave-brigs that in venturing too near the coast of Massachusetts they will find dangerous breakers ahead.

THE MILDEST FORM OF SLAVERY ILLUSTRATED.

THE mildest form of slavery known in the United States is that which exists in the Counties of Maryland bordering immediately on Pennsylvania. In Cecil County, which is bounded on the east by Delaware, and on the north, for a distance of 25 miles, by Mason and Dixon's line, quite a strong anti-slavery sentiment prevails among the inhabitants, many of whom are from the free States; and the slave population does not exceed eight hundred. Yet in this County even, such separations of families as Mrs. Stowe has so graphically depicted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may and do sometimes occur; for they are but the legitimate incidents of, and are inseparable from, the accursed but "peculiar institution." For the benefit of the readers of THE STANDARD, we present the following sketch of a recent but not exceptional case—a very similar one having occurred in the same County some six or seven years ago. Here are the facts:

In August, 1848, Harrison T. Bullen, of Cecil County, died, leaving a widow and several children and but a small portion of this world's goods behind him. Shortly after his death, his widow removed to Delaware, and carried with her a colored woman, named Martha Ann, who had belonged, in his lifetime, to Mrs. Bullen's father; but who had, for several years, both before and since that event, lived in the Bullen family as a servant and slave. This woman was considered by the neighbors a gift to Mrs. Bullen from her father; and, as no mention was made of her in his will among his other slaves, the opinion became so general that none of Bullen's creditors ever deemed it worth while to seize her in satisfaction of his debts, but permitted Mrs. Bullen to take her with her to Delaware. At the time of this removal, Martha Ann had been married some two or three years to Moses Wright, a free colored man, and had a son to him over a year old, named Perry. By the laws of Maryland the children follow the condition of the mother, and Perry consequently was born a slave, and was carried by his mistress along with his mother. The ensuing spring the widow Bullen was taken sick and died. Before her death, however, she sent for a friend to write her will, and stated to him that her principal reason for so doing was a desire to manumit her slaves. This will, dated March 18, 1849, drawn at her dictation, duly attested, and admitted to probate at New Castle, Del., contains the following as its principal item:

"*Item* 1. I give and bequeath to my daughter Teresa Bullen, her heirs, executors and assigns, my two slaves, Martha Ann Wright and her child Perry Wright. The first named slave (Martha) to be sold to her husband, Moses Wright, for the sum of $100, payable in four equal instalments of $25 each, in one, two, three and four years (without interest being charged). Said slave is then to be free. It, however, her husband refuses to comply, she, the said Martha, is to be sold for that sum and term to some one else. The last named slave, Perry Wright is to serve until he is 28 years old."

A few days afterward, her daughter, Teresa, died; and the following codicil was added on the 9th of April:

"Teresa Bullen having departed this life, I now alter or amend my will, by leaving my slave, Martha Ann Wright, to be free from any further servitude, and to go at my decease; all the rest to remain in full force."

During the month of April, Mrs. Bullen died, and, after her funeral, Martha returned to her husband in Maryland. Here she remained, acting as a free woman, and being so considered by every one that knew her. Year after year rolled away, and Moses and Martha saw their family increasing around them. Martha had given birth to three children—Robert, Sarah and William; and as the fond parents struggled with sickness and poverty to rear the little ones, they dreamed not of the gloomy future that awaited them. The thought never once entered their heads that these children should one day be compelled to endure the woes and inhumanities of slavery. Never for an instant did Moses Wright, as he cheerfully toiled day after day to support those he loved, imagine that his home would one day be invaded by the man-stealer and his wife and children ruthlessly torn from him. Never for an instant did Martha Wright, as she watched over and tended those little ones, imagine that she should one day be dragged from the house of her husband and see herself and children disposed of in the shambles, like cattle, to the highest bidder. Ignorant of their destiny, they lived on, contented and happy. But one morning in March, 1858, a stranger entered their humble home, and informed Moses and his astonished wife that she and all her children were his property and must go with him This man was Hyland Price Bullen, a son of the same Mrs. Mary Bullen, who, by her last will and testament, made nine years previously, had manumitted Martha from any further servitude. For nine years he had obeyed his dying mother's words and wishes and permitted the woman that had nursed and tended him in his infancy to live undisturbed; but the thirst for gold during that time had grown so strong within him that he could no longer resist the temptation for gratifying it held out to him by an unjust law and a corrupt public sentiment. The statute of limitations, too, had barred all the claims against his deceased father's estate, and his avaricious eyes saw in Martha and her children between two and three thousand dollars. Such a prize he could not suffer to escape his covetous clutch. Obtaining letters of administration upon the estate of his father, he seized Martha and her children, claiming them as property belonging thereto. A copy of Mrs. Bullen's will, which Martha had carefully preserved as a priceless treasure, was produced, but it availed nothing, and the prayers and entreaties of the parents and children, as well as his dead mother's bequest, were unheeded by the callous-hearted wretch. Go with him they must and should; and as resistance was useless, the mother and her flock—the youngest boy about 20 months of age—were carried to Elkton and there securely locked in the County jail until arrangements could be made for disposing of them.

While

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE SLAVE MOTHER.

You have heard of that old Roman, of still enduring fame,
Who pierced her pure, young, loving heart, to keep his child from shame;
If young, with flashing eye, your hand the murd'rous steel has sought
To slay the greedy vulture who such despair had wrought—
If aged, tears have fill'd your eyes, and bath'd your furrow'd cheek;
And prayers arisen, that Heav'n would stand between the strong and weak.
Now, young and gray-haired, I've a tale of modern days t' unfold,
As mournful and heroic as that dark one of old;
But "Camp and City" rise not now, as once they nobly rose,
T' avenge *one* maiden's hapless fate, *one* wretched father's woes.
Upon a large plantation, in a democratic land,
Lived a man whose lofty bearing seem'd fitted to command;
Rice swamps and cotton fields he own'd, and men and women too,
And yet no despot was he, but gentle, kind and true;
No cruel lashings, parting tears, were known in his domains;
The docile, grateful race he ruled almost forgot their chains.
He gave them all a master's care, while they remained his slaves,
Food, clothing, shelter, till their death; then very decent graves.
If wife or children had been his, he would as soon have thought
Of selling them as these poor things who his protection sought.
Bereav'd and lonely, they were all that link'd him to his kind,
And though he meant, he still defer'd their fetters to unbind.
Thinking, ah! foolishly, that Death would sound a warning note—
He could not drag him, unprepared, to Charon's ghostly boat!
Deluded man! no warning came, a summer shower—no more—
The thunder rolls—the lighting darts—it strikes, his plans are o'er.
Ah! happy huts and childhood's smile, and age's clinging clasp
Must now be changed for writhings sore, beneath Oppression's grasp.
Among the household laborers was one, though tender, brave;
Her master's cradle she had rock'd, now wept beside his grave.
Her self-forgetting life was pass'd without reproach, or blame;
To her when sick, or suffering, both high and lowly came.
One worthy of her loving heart had bless'd her early years;
But he was gone where slaves are not; oh! bitter, bitter tears
Baptiz'd her helpless infant, as she breathed this sacred vow,
"Thy father's waiting arms shall clasp thee, pure as thou art now."
Poor Ruth! henceforth she had no will, no aim, no thought,
Beyond those outstretched arms, whose touch a miracle had wrought;
The broken heart made whole, the palsied energies restored,
And a new inspiration through all her being poured.
Her doting heart almost forgot the bliss of early love,
While watching little Lena sport, beneath the orange grove;
Or like a squirrel climb aloft the smooth and branchless tree,
And, as the milky fruit descends, shout forth her ecstacy;
Or trembling, and yet pleased, behold that precious freight of love
Plunge 'neath the waves, then rise their crested heads above,
And seek a loving haven, another load to take
Of kisses, and embraces, and another voyage to make.
Oh! beautiful and blessed bond, in servile race as strong
As midst those brave old Romans, with whom began my song!
The Northern heir—good *Christian* man! he could not bear to hold
His fellow-men in bondage, so doom'd them *to be sold!*
A Christian! and the plainest rule of Christian morals spurn—
A Pagan from such sophistry contemptuously would turn.
A glorious morn—oh, how could Heaven upon such horrors smile!
Owners, traders and overseers had travel'd many a mile,
To see the "rich plantation," well fill'd with human stock;
Husbands, and wives, and children, around the auction-block,
They could not see, poor darken'd minds! how right such acts could be,
And mutter'd—"Massa say when he be dead, that we be free."
Midst frantic gestures, tears, and sobs, the *human* sale began;
And ties, God-formed, forever rent by sacriligeous man.
Close to the auctioneer there stood a pair, who seem'd to be
Anticipating all the depth of parting agony.
A little boy, their own, their all, clung to his mother's dress;
Unconscious of his fate, he wept at sight of their distress.
Behind these crouch'd poor Ruth—her arms round little Lena twin'd,
With frantic and continued clasp, which seem'd to say—"Unbind
This holy love-chain, if thou canst; together we will die!
But die or live—it matters not—man's power I defy—
We have a kind Protector there, awaiting us on high."
She marked the keen, approving glances cast upon her child,
And closer drew the love-chain, with looks, and gestures wild.
"How d'ye sell that lot—the three together, or apart?"
"Apart." "That's right—I want the wench—come, quick, I must depart."
'Tis quickly done—the man must go far south—away—away—
His wife to Alabama, the child to Ches'peake bay—
Oh! what a fearful shriek arose, it seemed to pierce the sky—
"For God's sake, give me back my child—one kiss before I die!"
Poor wretch! a fate so blissful awaits not such as thou;
Life shall return, and fix these lines of anguish on thy brow.
Order restor'd, the auctioneer—a better name would be
The executioner—took up his list—"'Twill suit, I see;
A strong and healthy girl—fifteen—active and willing too—
Here, my friend Billy Blackleg, a right good chance for you;
Come, give us quick a generous bid." "Well, bring her out, I say;
She might as well be in a chest, as where she's been all day."
All turn'd to where she had been seen—nor she, nor Ruth was there;
Through mansion, garden, stream and fields they sought the missing pair;
Through mansion, garden, stream and fields, but all of no avail;
Till, passing near an orange grove, they heard a mournful wail.
Out ran a child, and in his hands a string of amber beads;
Some knew it, and cried—"Lena's!" and rapidly each speeds
Into the orange grove; there lay, down deep in shady place,
The idol and its worshipper, lock'd in a fast embrace.
A shudder ran through all the crowd—not all—Bill Blackleg cried,
"A lash would wake them up, I think—it better be applied."
Brave, loving mother! thou'st fulfil'd thy solemn vow to Heaven,
And to her father's waiting arms his spotless Lena given.
Until she saw how scorn'd were all a mother's prayers and sighs,
She hoped some blessed charm would stay such cruel sacrifice.
Though to herself she said, "God ne'er obedience will demand.'"—
The sure and speedy messenger was always near at hand.
Great skill had she in medicine, in herbs, and minerals too;
And the varied strength of poisons, as if by instinct, knew;
But frenzied with th' appalling dread, that Lena might survive,
She play'd the niggard to herself, and liv'd with life to strive.
The living from the dead unclasp'd, they bore her to the home
Which had been *his*, and hers, and Lena's. How her thoughts would roam
Through memory's crowded halls! but verbal form took only one;
In low and dirge-like tones, it breath'd from dawn till set of sun,
"She's with him now! she's with him now!"—through all the midnight hours,
Falling almost as noiselessly as dew on sleeping flowers.
Kind, loving words were spoken, for she was lov'd by all,
But her senses seem'd entranced, as in some potent wizard's thrall.
She looked a breathing statue, cold motionless—alone—
Still whispering, "She's with him now!" in low funereal tone.
It is the solemn midnight hour, when all are wrapped in sleep,
Save the moon and stars that lovingly their quiet vigils keep,
And she, the broken-hearted, who slumber ne'er will know,
Till Death, God's holy messenger, shall break her cup of woe.
With cautious step, she glides away, to every cherish'd spot
Where blessed hopes were born, and died but ne'er could be forgot.
One loving glance, one mute farewell, and earthly pangs are o'er;
She's with them now, where slavery's chains can bind their limbs no more.
The stream where Lena lov'd to sport is now her mother's grave;
Poor victim of the white man's wrong—the noble-hearted slave!

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

THREE pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three tiny pairs of eyes, so clear, so deep,
Looked up in mine this even,
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good night,"
Three little forms from heaven.

Ah, it is well that "little ones" should love us;
It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our blessed Saviour bade them,
Bring "little ones" to him!

And said He not, "Of such is heaven," and blessed them,
And held them to his breast!
Is it not sweet to know that when they leave us,
'Tis there they go to rest?

And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,
Three hearts encased in mine!
How 'twould be shattered, if the Lord should say,
"Those angels are not thine!"

A WORLD IN THE MARKET.

WHEN Christopher Columbus presented himself before John II. of Portugal, in the year 1484, and unfolded to him a plan for sailing out into the unknown western sea, in the expectation of thus reaching the Indies, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the monarch was for a time incredulous, and that his courtiers considered the enthusiast to be fanatical, if not altogether mad. For the project of finding land in this way was opposed to the accumulated prejudices of centuries. It was still believed by the mass of mankind, and by none more thoroughly than by the learned professors of the day, that the earth was a flat disc, surrounded by the unfathomable ocean; and that not only was it folly and madness to attempt its transit, but, if crossed, the intrepid voyager would reach some unimagined and unimaginable monstrosity. Yet more enlightened views were entertained by a few. Two centuries before, Dante had intimated his belief in an unknown portion of the globe. And at this very time, a contemporary of Columbus, the Florentine poet Pulci, in his *Morgante Maggiore*, makes the devil say of the fable concerning the Pillars of Hercules:

> Know that this theory is false; his bark
> The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
> The western wave, a smooth and level plain:
> Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel;
> Man was in ancient days of grosser mould;
> And Hercules might blush to learn how far
> Beyond the limits he had vainly set
> The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.
> Men shall descry another hemisphere,
> Since to one common centre all things tend,
> So saith, by curious mystery divine,
> Well balanced hangs amid the starry spheres.
> At our antipodes are cities, states,
> And thronged empires ne'er descried of yore.

That Columbus ever saw this passage, which so singularly anticipates his own discoveries and those of Copernicus, is not unlikely. But meanwhile he was not only dreaming, but working out a theory which was soon to be verified. Often as the story of his life has been told, it may be interesting to select from it a few facts illustrating the process by which he arrived at the discovery of the New World, and the difficulties with which he had to contend.

A native of Genoa, he entered on a nautical life at the age of fourteen, and seems to have been engaged for about twenty years in the dangers and adventures which attended his profession during that troublous age. About the year 1470, we find him settled in Portugal as a chartmaker; and soon after he married the orphan daughter of Bartolomeo Moñis de Perestrello, a navigator of some note, who had shared largely in the Portuguese expeditions of discovery along the African coast. Having access to this man's journals and charts, and being in frequent communication with those sea-farers who were to be found in the neighboring ports, and from whom he procured the most accurate information on all points connected with his business, his curiosity was aroused as to the immense ocean which stretched to the west. The history of the manner in which his theory of the Indies was developed is very unsatisfactory. Our only authority is his son and biographer, Ferdinand, who says that his father classified under three heads the reasons which led to his discovery. These were—1. The nature of things; 2. The authority of learned writers; 3. The reports of navigators.

Under the first head, he started with the principle of the Ptolemaic system that the earth is a globe. According to this view, the circumference at the equator was divided into twenty-four hours of fifteen degrees each. Sixteen hours, stretching from the Asiatic city of Thinæ to the Canary Islands, were known; the other eight, making one-third of the whole, were unaccounted for. He argued that some portion of this space would be occupied by the eastern extremity of Asia; the rest must be ocean, and might be traversed. The principle of his argument was quite correct; but he was led into a very evident error by the false calculations of the time. He supposed the globe to be much smaller than it really is; the known land occupied only one-third of the circumference. Had he known the real distance, perhaps even his great mind would have quailed before the immensity of the enterprise.

To support his argument, he adduced the opinions of learned writers, for from very early ages there had been a vague and floating notion that land did exist far to the west of Spain. Among others, Seneca, in his *Medea*, distinctly prophesies that "there will come an age in later years when the ocean will loose the bonds of things, and a great country be discovered; for another, like Typhus, shall lay bare a new word, and Thule shall no longer be the extremity of the earth." Strabo also asserted that the ocean bathes India—that name being used generally for all Asia—on the east, and Spain on the west, and may easily be crossed.

Under the third head, Columbus gave the testimony of navigators. There were numerous reports abroad of islands lying a few hundred leagues to the west of the mainland. He discredited their existence, as numerous expeditions had been made in quest of them, without any result; but there were curious stories told, which could only be explained on the supposition of there being land somewhere. "Thus, one voyager had picked up," says Ferdinand, "a piece of wood ingeniously wrought, but not with iron; by which, the winds having been west for many days, he guessed that that piece of wood came from some island that way." Another asserted that "there had been canes found at sea, so thick that every joint would hold above four quarts of wine"—evidently the bamboo. Many such accounts were related.

The views thus forced upon Columbus were strengthened by his correspondence with Paulo Toscanelli, a learned Florentine doctor, who adopted his opinion, and furnished him with much information, gathered chiefly from the works of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville, and with a chart, in which he placed India about four thousand miles distant from Spain, with the islands of Antilla and Japan on the way. At this time, also, the astrolabe, an instrument out of which the modern quadrant is an improvement, was first applied to seamanship, and made navigation in the open sea much more easy and certain.

From 1474, the date of his correspondence with Toscanelli, when we may assume that his views had taken definite shape, there is an almost entire blank of ten years in his history. We are told incidentally that he went to Iceland; but he does not appear to have learned anything from its people as to their early voyages to the northern coast of America. In 1484 we find him detailing his plan to John of Portugal, who promoted so largely the expeditions to the south of Africa, and, round Africa, to India. This monarch was so far interested as to refer the proposal first to a scientific junto, and then to a council of prelates and learned men, both of which rejected it as extravagant and unadvisable. John, however, was not quite satisfied; and so having managed to get from Columbus his charts and documents, he secretly sent a caravel, with instructions to attempt the route. We cannot regret that, after battling with the waves for some days, the pilots put back, and ridiculed the whole project; since, had they succeeded, the honor of the discovery would have been taken from its rightful claimant.

No sooner had Columbus discovered this ungenerous plot than he left Portugal in indignation. Where he went, is not certain; it is said by some that he repaired to his native city of Genoa, and tried to get assistance from it; by others, that he crossed at once into Spain. It appears that before he left he sent his brother Bartholomew to seek support from England. The result of this mission may be stated at once. Bartholomew proceeded on his journey, but was captured and plundered by a corsair, and reduced to such poverty that he could do nothing, for some years, but keep himself alive by chartmaking. When he was able to make his application, he met with a much more liberal reception from Henry VII. than Christopher had found elsewhere. The king expressed his willingness to engage in the enterprise, and Bartholomew set forth in high spirits to inform his brother, but learned on his road that the discovery had been already made, and that he had actually embarked on a second voyage.

But this was nine years later, and meanwhile Christopher was painfully working his way to success. After quitting Lisbon, we see him detailing his views to the Spanish nobility, more especially to the Dukes of Medina Sidonia and Medina Celi, whose names the Moorish wars have made illustrious. They both looked with favor on his project, but feared to run the risk of so immense an undertaking. The latter, however, procured for him an introduction to the Spanish monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella. These sovereigns were fully occupied with the war with Granada, then at its height. After some delay, Columbus gained an audience, and it was arranged that the matter should be referred to a council.

This council was held at Salamanca, and comprised all the most learned ecclesiastics, doctors, astronomers and cosmographers who could be gathered together. The account of it is interesting. A simple, self-taught mariner was opposed to all the learning and bigotry of the day; and certainly few ever sank so low in the depths of monastic intolerance and scholastic narrow-mindedness as the Spanish ecclesiastics who established the Inquisition. He could scarcely treat of nautical matters; he had to engage in theological arguments, and meet the citations of numerous texts from the sacred volume, which his theories were said to controvert. Nor was Scripture alone quoted; the authority of the Fathers was adduced. The silly argument of Lactantius was held most weighty. "Is there any one so foolish," he asks, "as to believe that there are antipodes, with their feet opposite to ours; people who walk with their heels upward, and their heads hanging down?—that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvey; where the trees grow with their branches downwards, and where it rains, hails and snows upwards?" St. Augustine, too, had declared the theory of antipodes untenable, since it was impossible that the race of Adam could have crossed the ocean; and to suppose two creations was at variance with the Bible narrative. Other opinions of like force were brought forward. Moreover, it was urged that, even granting to the earth a spherical form, it was impossible that the heavens could be globular, and that therefore the other hemisphere could only be a dark chaotic mass. Another objector maintained that, even if a ship should succeed in reaching India by this route, she could never return; the earth was shaped like a mountain, the descent of which was easy though dangerous, but which it would be utterly impossible ever to reascend, from the yielding nature of the waters.

Columbus answered boldly: his zeal was intensified by the opposition offered to him, and, doubtless, there was not a little scorn in the flash of his eye and the intonation of his voice, as he disposed of their childish arguments. As for the Scriptural quotations, he remarked that the inspired writers were not technical cosmographers, but spoke figuratively, adopting such popular views as would best serve to enforce their spiritual lessons. He honored the Fathers as valuable religious guides, but ventured to call in question their scientific knowledge and philosophical acquirements; he showed that if many of the ancients held the earth to be flat, other and no less illustrious men adopted the Ptolemaic system. He illustrated from his own travels that wherever a voyager goes he sees still a round firmament, changing with the position, and showing no sign of termination. Instead of admitting that he was going counter to Scripture, he quoted, from its magnificent prophecies, passages in support of his views, and even, as he thought, alluding to himself.

His arguments were not altogether unavailing; he converted many to his views; but the bigotry and pride of the majority were too firmly settled to be overcome by an obscure foreigner. And keeping him in suspense for many weary months, the council published its decision against him. This did not lead to his immediate dismissal; he remained at the court in uncertainty for several years, sometimes on the point of leaving in disgust, but detained by vague promises; at others, joining in the military excitement of the time, in the hope of gaining influence for the prosecution of his life's work. He made many enemies, who considered him a dangerous and mischievous man, whose tenets were likely to subvert the good old doctrines of theology and science which they inherited from their fathers. But he also made friends, who, if they did not wholly believe in his theory, were at least anxious to help him in seeking to prove it. By their aid, another council was appointed, four or five years after that called at Salamanca. Its opinion was still more decisive than that of the first; it reported that the project was vain and impossible—far too fanciful an enterprise for so mighty a nation to undertake. The sovereigns accepted the verdict of this junto, and informed him of their determination not to enter on the work at present.

Here was a crisis. Columbus was now about forty-six years old. He had spent six years—years of matured wisdom, and at a time of life when every winter told on his physical energy, in the expectation of ultimate assistance; and now his hopes were crushed. What should he do? Where should he go? Should he commence the weary work again? go to some other court and curry favor, with the probability of a similar result? should he be willing once more

> To lose good days, that might be better spent;
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
> To spend to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
> To feed on Hope, to pine with Fear and Sorrow;
> To fret his soul with crosses and with cares;
> To eat his heart through comfortless despairs;
> To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
> To spend, to give, to wait, to be outdone?

Or should he give up the struggle, and, believing, that he held in his hand an inestimable blessing for the world, let it wither unbestowed because of the world's incredulity?

No; he could not resign the cause; he had been inspired to preach and to do, or to perish in the doing; he would go to France, and seek help there. Acting on this resolution, he set out on the journey; but he was never to reach France. On his road, dispirited and wayworn, he knocked at the convent of Santa Maria de Rabida, about half a league distant from the Andalusian port of Palos, and asked for a crust of bread and a drop of water. The prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, took him in, and was not long in discovering the great mind which a pauper's clothing could not hide. He learned the story of his life. He listened to the glorious project, and shared in the lofty enthusiasm of his guest. He collected his friends; zealous students, shrewd navigator, and keen merchants from the town of Palos. This little council knew better and saw further than the learned assemblages at Lisbon, and Salamanca, and Cordova. Its members urged him to prosecute his plan with vigor; but as they were Spaniards, and were loath to let Spain lose the honor of the undertaking, they urged him to renew his suit in that country. The honest prior had formerly been confessor to Queen Isabella. He went to her at Santa Fé, and persuaded her to send once more for Columbus. He came, and found the whole court in a tumult of triumph at the conclusion of the great war against the infidel Moors. The Spaniard, Clemencin, has sketched his portrait: "A man obscure, and but little known at this time, followed the court. Confounded with the crowd of importunate applicants, feeding his imagination in the corners of antechambers with the pompous project of discovering a world, melancholy and dejected in the midst of general rejoicing, he beheld with indifference, and almost with contempt, the conclusion of a conquest which swelled all bosoms with jubilee, and seemed to have reached the utmost bounds of desire. The man was Christopher Columbus."

As soon as time could be spared, after further months of waiting, his project was again entertained, but not with immediate success. It was arranged to fit out an expedition; but Columbus demanded privileges which offended the pride of Ferdinand. He insisted on being appointed admiral and viceroy of whatever countries he should discover, and on receiving a tenth part of all the royal income from them. If he failed, he expected no return; but if he succeeded, he thought that these honors were not too great compensation for the great work which he alone could initiate and carry out, and to which he had devoted his life. The monarch thought they were. No compromise could be effected. So, utterly disgusted, the high-spirited adventurer went forth once more. It was in February, 1492, that he thought he had seen the last of Spanish pusillanimity. But it was not to be—he was yet to secure for Spain immortal glory in having been the means of discovering the New World; and immortal shame, in its treatment of the discoverer. While on his road, his friends resolved to make a desperate effort. They hastened to the queen, and detailed to her the glorious possibility she was resigning. Her enthusiasm was aroused; she determined no longer to share in the vacillating conduct of her husband, but to engage in the work for and by herself. "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castille," she exclaimed; "and will pledge my own jewels to raise the needful funds!"

With this declaration, our narrative closes. Having once put her whole heart into the business, she prosecuted it with energy. Before many months had passed, Columbus was on his way to the Indies. How many and heavy difficulties attended him, and how valiantly he overcame them all, let those who do not already know the exciting story, learn it from accessible biographies. We have seen the prospect of the New World tossed up and down the market for eighteen years, handled and scrutinized, ridiculed and sneered at, like a trumpery piece of merchandise. It had found a purchaser at last.—*Chambers's Journal.*

LETTER FROM REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

Correspondence of The Syracuse Standard.

ROME, April 15, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I am not yet prepared to commence the letters I intend to write to you about Rome. It is a subject so vast and complex that I am at a loss where to begin, how to arrange my matter, and where to end.

But I must now tell you what I have just been to see, for it has caused quite a sensation. The people here, you must know, have nothing to do with the affairs of government; and as to religion, what they are to believe is all prescribed, with the rites and ceremonies which they are to perform or witness. So they have no occasion—indeed it would be dangerous for them—to investigate, study or reason concerning that matter. The only subjects upon which they are at liberty to think, speak and act freely are business, the fine arts and amusements. Of business, there is very little done here, excepting what is made in supplying the population with food and clothing, and entertaining the vast numbers of visitors who crowd the city during the winter and spring months of every year. These visitors, from all parts of the world, come here on purpose to see the relics of ancient Rome, and the galleries of paintings and sculptures, even more than to witness the imposing ceremonies of the Catholic Church. The Romans, therefore, are impelled by another influence, besides their own love of ruins and relics of the artistic skill of the ancients, to hunt for such things, and to bear of their discovery with lively interest.

A few days ago it was announced at the hotels and caffes, and in the streets, that *a new statue* had been found. If the discovery of a new planet had been reported, it would not have caused a livelier sensation. Carriages and pedestrians were seen tending in a certain direction; and exciting statements were everywhere on the wing respecting the beauty and value of the exhumed body. All agreed that it was a Venus. Some pronounced it a copy of the Venus de Medici. At last we were told that it must be the original of that *chef d'œuvre* of the sculptor's art.

Accordingly, this forenoon, after having visited a famous gallery of pictures, and spent an hour, as we often do, in St. Peter's Church, J. E. and I ordered our coachman to take us to see the new-found statue.

A gentleman, very curious in such matters, has for some time past been making an excavation in a garden, not far, I believe, from the Coliseum. Broken pieces of sculptured marble had, from time to time, alone rewarded his labors, and stimulated him to further searchings into the earth, until, last Monday or Tuesday, he came upon this precious relic. He removed it yesterday to the building in which he and others have stored whatever has been lately found in that immediate vicinity. And there we saw it, standing erect upon its own pedestal, from which the violence that threw it down did not detach it, and with which it has lain buried, fifteen or twenty feet below the present surface of the soil, more than a thousand years. The whole trunk, the legs and feet are entire, excepting the ends of the great toes. The head is broken off, but was found in good preservation, excepting the tip of the nose. Both arms are also off, one below, the other above the elbow; and one of them only has been recovered. It is evidently a masterpiece of the art. And the attitude of the body is certainly that of the Venus di Medici. Before long, I presume, the head will be fastened again in its place, the nose, arms and toes restored; and then some connoisseur will tell us to what age it belonged, and, perhaps, even by whose hand it was wrought.

There was a melancholy pleasure in beholding this form of beauty standing erect again, in the midst of the ruins of those palaces and temples, of one of which it was perhaps, thirteen hundred years ago, the highest ornament. We saw it surrounded by ruinous fragments of statues, sarcophagi and cinerary chests—all intimating very plainly the wealth and luxury of the age to which it belonged—wealth and luxury lavishly expended upon receptacles for the dead, as well as the abodes of the living. And these fragments of stone, and the shapeless piles of masonry that are found upon and beneath the sod, are all that remain to tell us of the mighty men and beautiful women who lived in the age of the Cæsars.

Day before yesterday we went two miles out of the city to see, upon the Campagna, two tombs and the foundations of a church that have been uncovered within the last eighteen months. The first tomb that we entered was fifteen feet long, twelve wide and fourteen high. The floor had been paved with marble slabs, only two rows of which are now there. The roof was arched, the arch springing from the wall, four feet from the floor, and covered with most beautiful and well-preserved square and circular compartments, filled with bas-reliefs in stucco, representing nereids and nymphs riding on winged and sea monsters. In the centre are the sides of a sarcophagus, on which are bas-reliefs of excellent sculpture.

The second tomb is not more than 150 feet from the former. It is larger and still more remarkable. There are two apartments. In the outer one there are three sarcophagi, the sides and ends covered with bas-reliefs that appear to have been left unfinished. They rest upon stone shelves, supported by brick arches, about four feet from the floor. The inner apartment is similar in shape to the one we first entered. Its roof is also vaulted and covered, as Murray will tell you, "with the most beautiful stucco reliefs and paintings, the colors of the latter as fresh as when lain on, seventeen centuries ago." In this apartment there are six sarcophagi. One in the centre is of rough stone, nine or ten feet long, three feet wide and three feet high. In it may be seen the remains of at least two human bodies. The other sarcophagi are of the usual size for one person. They stand against the sides and ends of the apartment; are of marble, and are covered with highly-finished bas-reliefs, representing wild boar-huntings and Bacchanalian sports. Is it not strange that even the Greeks and Romans should have chosen such adornments for the burial places of their dead?

Between the two tombs, of which I have given you this brief, imperfect account, there now lies uncovered a portion of the old Via Latina, one of the great roads out of Ancient Rome. It is paved, like the old Via Appia, with large blocks of lava, worn into ruts by the wheels that traversed it two thousand years ago.

About a hundred rods further on, passing excavations on both sides, in which nothing of great interest had been found, we came upon the ruins of what is called St. Stephen's basilica or church. The ground plan of the building is still very apparent. Its walls, from two to ten feet high, are standing in different places; and the bases of many of its pillars remain. We were able to trace its nave and two isles, which were separated by ranges of marble columns, the bases of some of which alone are left. At the extremity of the nave is a semi-circular recess, with the remains of the altar; and on the right or north side there is a baptistry, 15 or 20 feet square, in the centre of which there is a sunk font, evidently for baptism by immersion. It is indeed a very interesting ruin, and reminded us of Herculaneum and Pompeii. We dug up, from the pavement of the floor behind the altar, pieces of handsome marble, which we have had put into becoming shapes and polished, that we may keep them as mementoes of our visit.

To-morrow we are going to the ruins of another church, lately discovered, seven miles out of the city. And on Monday we are invited, by one of the Professors of the College of the Propaganda, to go with him into the Catecomb of St. Agnes. We have already visited one of these immense burial places; and, after the exploration of a second, under the guidance and with the explanations to be given us by the very learned Dr. Smith, we shall be able, I trust, to impart to you some idea of these subterranean places of worship and asylums for the persecuted, as well as labyrinthian galleries of graves.

Yours, truly, S. J. MAY.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

From The London Daily News.

THE remarkable brothers, William and Alexander Von Humboldt, were descendants of a Pomeranian family. William made himself a memorable name in Germany, and Alexander in the whole civilized world. William, the elder by rather more than two years, was a philosopher in the realms of literature and art, while Alexander devoted himself, not to the study of the human mind or its productions, but to the medium, or environment in which it lives. William was frankly told by his friend Schiller that his mind was of too ratiocinative and critical a cast to permit him to produce works of art, in literature or otherwise; and his highest achievements were, accordingly, in the department of philology. However great these might have been, they could never have won the heartfelt love with which William Von Humboldt was regarded by some of the best men of his age. It was his political action which won him that love. He was ever found asserting the principles of liberty—earnestly, wisely, and unflinchingly; and hence it was certain, as he very well knew, that he would never be a great man in the Berlin-Court-sense of greatness, when once he had been called upon to declare an opinion which differed from that of the Monarch who pretended to ask his counsel. He filled a succession of diplomatic and administrative offices for above nineteen years; but when it became neccessary to remind his Sovereign, in opposition to Von Hardenberg, of the promise of a constitution made in 1813, the King declined to keep his promise and his faithful councillor, and preferred losing his honor and his good Minister in order to retain power (in the sense in which he understood it), and the Minister who flattered his love of it. William Von Humboldt had still fifteen years to live. He passed them in philological and literary studies, and died, honored and beloved, without doubt or drawback, in the 70th year of his age, in 1835. He had signed the Treaty of Chatillon, and attended the Vienna Congress as the representative of his country. His brother attended the Congress of Verona in the King's suite. The elder incurred the royal displeasure by his liberal tendencies; but the younger enjoyed grace and distinction at Court to the end; patronage being showered upon him, without too close an inquiry on the one hand, or too frank an explanation on the other, in regard to the principles and practice of government. As William retired to explore the roots and genealogies of language, and to write the hundred sonnets which were found after his death, Alexander was displaying more stars on his coat, and receiving more honors on his head. There could never be any rational objection to the brothers taking different lines, as their natural preparation might indicate. The noticeable point was the descent of Court honors on the naturalist, while disgrace fell on the statesman; and a smile went round the circles, both of philosophy and politics, when Alexander, in laying out the scheme of his "Kosmos," proposed to omit the whole subject of mental philosophy. The idea of presenting a delineation of the universe, not in mere external form, but as moved by its forces—and omitting the most marvellous of all manifestations and forces—seemed to his readers more remarkable for caution than for philosophical wisdom.

William was born at Potsdam in 1767; and Alexander—or, as his name stands at full length, Frederick Henry Alexander Von Humboldt—was born at Berlin in 1769, on the 14th of September. Their father died when they were twelve and ten years old; but their mother, a cousin of the Princess Blucher, was a woman of fine capacity and cultivation, and the family fortunes were good; so that the boys had every educational advantage. Alexander received his academic training at Göttingen and Frankfort on the Oder, and a part of his scientific instruction at the Mining School of Freiburg. Nothing could be more marked than his early determination towards natural science, and towards travel in pursuit of his researches. The more he was thwarted and hemmed in by the obstructions of war, the intenser grew his desire to explore the heights, depths and expanses of the earth, in order to extort the secrets of nature. Geology did not yet exist; and for want of the generalizations with which he, more than any other man, has since furnished us, natural science was fragmentary and confused to a degree scarcely conceivable to students now entering on that vast field. We complain at present of the desultory condition of natural science from the speciality of pursuit which is the great disadvantage of our existing stage; and from which we must be relieved ere long by the formation of a new class of philosophers, whose business it will be to establish the mutual relations of all the sciences, and all the departments of each science; but when Humboldt was a youth, even the stage of speciality was scarcely reached. The ardent mind of the boy seems to have contemplated—as other boyish minds have done—the exhibition of those relations, after a due exploration of the details, and generalization of the results in the various departments. Many are the youths who have formed this conception, and resolved upon the work; but, since Aristotle, Humboldt is the most remarkable—some might say the only—example of an approach to the achievement of such a scheme. Our own opinion is that others have approached as nearly—the disadvantages of their times being considered; and that Humboldt's achievements, prodigious as they are, fall short precisely in the points in regard to which his own expectations were highest. His investigation and arrangement of details was perfectly marvellous from its scope and equality of treatment; his generalizations were so splendid, and so fruitful beyond all estimate, that it is a reluctant judgment which ranks them below his more concrete studies, in regard to quality; but there can be no difference of opinion about his failure in his highest effort, as exhibited in his "Kosmos." We have every reason to believe it impossible, practically speaking, for the same mind to effect what Humboldt did and what he failed to do. Whenever (if ever) we have a "Kosmos," it will be given us by a man who can immediately and thoroughly adopt the results of other men's labors as material for his peculiar faculty of ascertaining relations between vastnesses and aggregates which are to him manageable single portions of the great whole. The discoverer of a solar system could not possibly be the man who should resolve first to understand the natural history of all the constituents of the globe; but rather the man who takes up our globe as a planet, and carries it as a unit into his scheme of planetary study. It is therefore no wonder that Humboldt is found to halt, waver and diverge in his presentment of the great scheme of the universe. Sometimes he quits his own definition or description; sometimes he loses the precision of his great idea in a cloud of words which look philosophical, but will not bear a plain rendering; and often he rambles away from his central point of view into wide fields of facts, extremely interesting, and marvellously rich, but not directly related to the object they were cited to illustrate. Thus much of failure is ascribable to the mere fact of the limitation and inequality of human faculty. The other great cause of failure in the most ambitious of Humboldt's work is of a moral nature. He declines to speak out on some essential points which, in a scheme like his, cannot be slighted. His ambition and his caution are irreconcilable. On the essential topics, for instance, of creation, of spontaneous generation, and of the basis and scope of mental philosophy, with some other such ticklish subjects, he either keeps back his views or permits them to be discoverable only by a process of inference of which none but the highly qualified are capable. In this matter, however, it is necessary to state that he should not be judged by the English translation of "Kosmos," even the best, and that sanctioned by himself. The word "creation," used repeatedly for the universe, is misleading, or at least perplexing to readers who have duly attended to some pre ceding passages: and if they turn to the original, they find that Humboldt spoke of the frame of things, the universe, the collective phenomena of nature, or the like. But the omission of some prominent philosophical basis, whether through caution or anything else, renders the "Kosmos" of Humboldt a hybrid production between poetry and science which is not the philosophy it pretends to be. It is wealthy in its facts, and splendid in its generalisations: but it is not Kosmos.

Humboldt's preparation for this, which he considered his crowning work, may be said to have begun when he became the pupil of Werner, the first geologist, at Freiburg, when he was two-and-twenty. He had already travelled in Holland and England, and even published a scientific book—on the Basalts of the Rhine. He was employed as a director of the government mines; and, in the course of his travels to explore the mineral districts of various countries, he lighted upon Galvani in Italy, and became devoted for a time to the study of animal electricity, and to the observation of some of the phenomena of the animal frame which were supremely interesting to him in his latest days. In 1849 he verified, to his own entire satisfaction, and that of his philosophical coadjutors, the fact of the deflection of the needle as a result of human volition, through the medium of muscular contraction. "The fact," he said, in his letter to Arago, the next year, "is established beyond all question of doubt." "Occupied myself for more than half a century in this class of physiological researches, the discovery which I have announced has for me a vital interest. It is a phenomenon of Life, rendered sensible by a physical instrument." Thus were his earliest and latest scientific interests linked by the discoveries of the remarkable age in which he lived; but what an experience had he undergone meantime. He had stood on higher ground than human foot had till then attained. He climbed Chimborazo to the height of 19,300 feet, an elevation since then surpassed, but never attained till that June day of 1802. He went down into the deepest mines, in pursuit of his geological researches. He not only visited three of the four quarters of the world, but explored parts of them which were then completely savage in the eyes of the civilized world. It was through no remissness of his own that he did not travel in Africa. He was at Marseilles, on his way to Algiers and to the top of Atlas, whence he meant to go to Egypt, when the war, which seemed to stop him at every outlet, turned him back. While chafing under his confinement to Europe, he did the best he could within that prison. When the war raged in Italy, he travelled with Von Bach in Styria, examining the mountains and their productions. When London was inaccessible, he went to Paris, where he made the acquaintance of his future comrade, Bonpland. When the war came to Germany, he was off to Spain; and there, at last, he met his opportunity. He obtained a passage to South America, and narrowly escaped imposing upon us the honor or disgrace, whichever it might be, of having Alexander Humboldt for our prisoner of war. He has told in his works of his ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe (which just enabled him to deny not having taken Africa in his course of travel), and of what he saw and felt among the vast rolling rivers, and grassy plains, and tropical forests, and overwhelming mountains of South America. He explored Mexico, landing on its Pacific side, after having crossed the Andes; and then, by way of Cuba, visited the United States, and lived two months in Philadelphia, in 1804. The world had never seen such scientific wealth as Humboldt brought to Havre, in his collections in every branch of natural history, illustrated by such a commentary as he was now qualified to give. He planned an encyclopædic work which should convey in detail all his discoveries and classified knowledge; and the issue of this work was one of the mistakes of his life which cost him most uneasiness. After twelve years of constant labor, he had issued only four-fifths of this prodigious series of works; and it has never been completed, though portions have dropped out even within a few years. Before those twelve years were over—that is, before 1817—he had been overtaken in research, and forestalled in publication, by men whom he had himself, by his example, inspired and trained. In the next year, he broke off from this slavery, and visited Italy. He was in England in 1826. He was then regarded as an elderly man—being 57 years old, and notorious for a quarter of a century. But he was just about to make trial of a new mode of life; and there were, after that, extensive travels before him.

He fixed his abode at Berlin, and immediately became a royal favorite, and, consequently, a politician. He was made a Councillor of State, and tried his hand at diplomacy. But those are not the things by which he will be remembered; and nobody cares to dwell on that part of his life, except those who would fain have Englishmen see that the foreign method of rewarding scientific or literary service by political office seems never to answer well in practice. In most cases the practice is simply the spoiling of two things by mixing them; in Humboldt's case, we merely forget the political part of his career, which was the artificial portion of his life, as it was the natural portion of his brother's. When Alexander came to England with the King of Prussia, on occasion of the baptism of the